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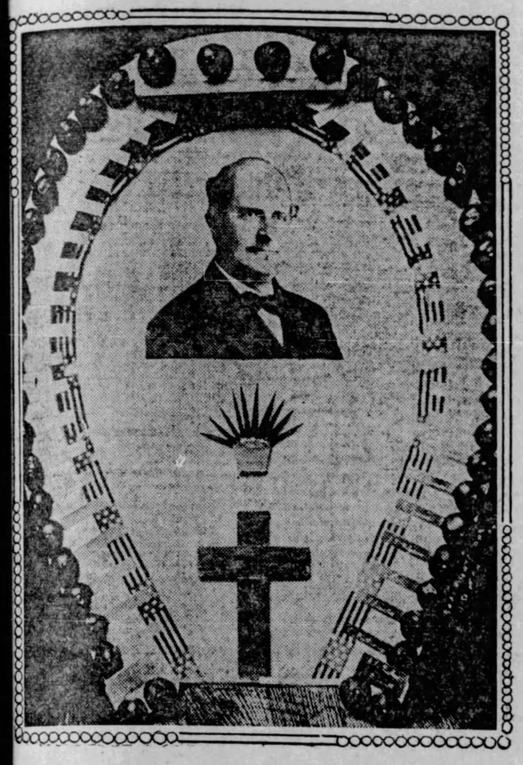
OUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1908. VOL. LXXIII, NO. 29.

hio Delegation's Emblem to Bryan



SIGNIFICANT EMBLEM FROM BUCKEYEDOM.

their return from the national cratic convention at Denver the ates from Ohio presented to Wil- J. Bryan a unique emblem of esteem. It was taken to the con- on city on the special Ohio train, t the caucus of the delegation in er it was unanimously decided to nt the same to the presidential date on the return trip to Ohio, the train stopped at the Bryan near Lincoln. The emblem is in rm of a horseshoe. In the cen- a picture of Bryan, under which s of gold is neatly inserted. The in the horseshoe is from Williams y, the wood in the cross and crown Van Wert county, and buckeyes and thorns from Paulding county. The three counties were named in honor of the captors of Major Andre. The buckeyes, forty-six in number, represent Ohio's delegates to the Democratic national convention at Denver, Col., July 7, 1908. The four on the toe calk represent the delegates-at-large, while those on either side, numbering from the front or upper part of the shoe, represent the delegates from the districts, from one to nineteen inclusive, which, with districts Nos. 20 and 21, on the heel calks, complete Ohio's representation. The name of each delegate is engraved on the plate shown under the buckeyes. The picture of Bryan surrounded by the American flag, with the crown of thorns and cross of gold below, are significant features of the emblem.

GETTING A DENTIST.

oker Game With an Unexpected Ending.

rge Wingfield, the Nevada mining told a bunch of brokers the other a story of how he not only found re- from an aching tooth but met his in the arts and wiles of the game ich he was then a past master.

d George: "Arriving at a little ect for a mining camp a stranger uffering from a refractory molar, d there was not even a blacksmith ight have tools that could minis- my needs. I was told that at a thirty miles away I might find re- provided I could break up a big game in which a traveling den- was the only winner and too busy he detail work of his profession. s easy and inviting, thought I, and asing two packs of cards from my ant for my purpose, I saddled my and hied in search of a soother for uffering.

was easy to find the game. Luck still with the dentist and a new was indifferently welcome, but a was an obstruction not to be ed. However, I was soon seated, a determination to break the win- all habards, if necessary, to get tooth extracted. Hand after hand layed and the star winner lost one et after another until in despera- he called for a new deck of cards. cently produced one of my pur- s and the game proceeded.

k changed again and the dentist ed his winning. Finally I lost the my pile in a big jacknot and the broke up. Walking over to where disconsolately nursing my swollen the dentist said:

ow, stranger, I'll fix your tooth of charge, and say, I'll give you your money back if you tell me you found my deck of marked —San Francisco Call.

W DESERTIONS FROM THE MEXICAN ARMY

stances of desertion from the in Mexico are very rare and for best of reasons," said Senor Jose ualdez, of Nueva Leon. "The rea- ies in the almost sure capture of fugitive and the certainty that he et not one but numerous flog- on his bare back. These lashings one in the presence of the com- of the deserter, and when the see how great is the suffering of miserable wretch who tried in vain it his military obligations, they ced to conclude that it is better k to the army than undergo such rible ordeal!"—Baltimore Ameri-

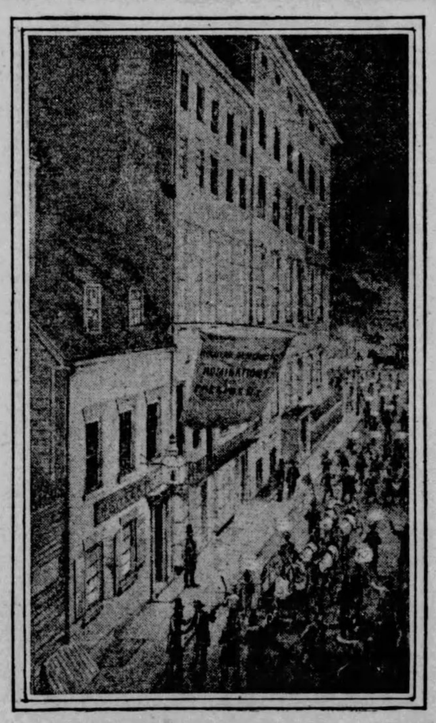
UEBEC'S BATTLEFIELDS

adians of English or French origin mbracing with equal enthusiasm the al to consecrate the battlefields of Plains of Abraham and Ste. Foy next When the Quebec tercentenary is rated. In 1849 the British soldiers ur in Canada, under Sir Benjamin n contributed a day's pay to erect mn in memory of Wolfe on the where he died in the hour of that which made this country British. mount of money thus raised was and the monument insignificant. e meaning of that final grapple be- the British and the French grows in significance, and there is now definite form a plan to give per- expression to the honor in which ians hold Wolfe and Montcalm Today as the immigrant comes e river to Quebec the first object he s the jail on the promontory. It is now to remove the prison and ine factory, and to set up there ding the river a colossal angel of to buy land enough to make the preservation of the battlefields national park, to build a fireproof in which to store records and historic value, and to construct ificent driveway from the citadel the edge of the cliff overhanging Lawrence to the place where forlorn hope climbed the height. the road over which Wolfe marched before they deployed to take up ne of two deep on the Plains of am, on through the battlefield of where Montcalm was victorious, back to Quebec along the heights ding the beautiful valley of the es.—St. John (New Brunswick)

GOLD, 674 TONS.

All the gold mined during the year 1906, says Mr. T. F. Van Wagenen, could be packed in a room ten feet square and nine feet high. The value of this gold is about $400,000,000, and its weight is nearly 674 tons. Since the discovery of America the world has mined altogether about 21,424 tons of gold. That part of the globe controlled by the Anglo-Saxon race has been the most prolific in gold, having produced five-sixths of the total amount mined in 1906.—Youth's Companion.

TAMMANY'S FIRST HOME



FIRST TAMMANY HALL.

The first home of the Tammany society, of the Columbian Order, as it was also called, was in a tavern in lower Broadway. In 1798 it moved to Martling's, on the southeast corner of Nassau and Spruce streets.

In 1805 it became incorporated, and in 1811 had so grown in size and influence that it moved into its own building, the first Tammany hall, in Frankfort street and Park row. The walls of this old building are still standing, although for many years the Tammany society has occupied its present home on Fourteenth street, which in turn will soon be abandoned.

The Tammany society, which has been called the most powerful and the most skilfully organized political body in the world, came into existence in 1789, and was named after Tamenend, a famous Indian chief, whose name appears in one of William Penn's treaties with the Indians.

The old arrangement of a governing board of braves and sachems was adopted, like the name of the society, from the redskins, as was also the divisions of the year into the seasons of Snows, Blossoms, Fruit and Hunting.

The first Tammany hall in its commanding position near the city hall, was an important building, and many historic events were celebrated here. On special occasions the hall was decorated.

To celebrate victories in the second war with England, on October 23, 1812, Tammany hall was illuminated, and in front of it was a portrait of Harrison receiving hostages from the Indians, and a representation of the battle of Lake Erie.

The accompanying picture gives a side view of Tammany hall looking up Frankfort street toward the City Hall park. In the early days Tammany hall was also used as a hotel on the European plan.

Tammany hall has long been famous for its fervid eloquence. Here is a greeting by its grand sachem, William Mooney, to General Andrew Jackson, referring to the battle of New Orleans:

"Columbia's voice, in peals of iron thunder, proclaimed the dreaded fiat of that eventful morn! Terra was drenched with human gore! The perturbed elements were hushed! Mars and Bellona retired from the ensanguined field! And godlike Hera resumed her gentle reign. * * We appropriate your noble deeds and greet you, hero. Scourge of British insolence, Spanish perfidy and Indian cruelty, these, sir, are the sentiments of the Sons of Liberty in New York, who compose the National Institution of Tammany Society."

Bourke Cockran, recent grand sachem of Tammany, has just been retired to make rom for a new grand sachem, Daniel F. Cohalan.

THE TOMBSTONE CUTTER

Plying Mallet and Chisel, He Philosophizes on Inscriptions

"Do you know," said the tombstone cutter as he chipped away at the last letter of the last word of the familiar inscription "At Rest," that he was carving in the granite, "do you know that when I first began carving these words on tombstones a good many years ago, when I was younger and the world seemed full of hopefulness, it used to sometimes seem to me as if people had 'em put on, as you might say, on general principles, because they seemed nice and appropriate there, while really the deceased might not have had such a terrible hard time in life and would much rather be not at rest, but up and around among folks?

"That's the way these words used to strike me when I was younger, but now, after considerable experience of life, I look at them differently. Now I realize that they may truly mean what they say, and be not merely an appropriate form; that the one over whose grave they are seen may in truth be glad to lie there under the stone, at last at rest.

"Because, you see—as we are likely to discover when we grow older—this life is not a road strewn with roses for all of us; and besides those who have been worn out in life's struggles or in its simple work we find those who have been disappointed, or misunderstood, or unappreciated, or those who have been broken by some great sorrow.

"So, while in many cases, indeed, that 'At Rest' carved on the tombstone may be but a form, or have been prompted simply by love or affection, and yet, in many cases, placed there most lovingly, it tells a true story, and always now, from my present point of view, I look at it not lightly, but with a sympathetic heart. Many a gentle soul, never shunning, may yet be glad to lay down life's burdens.

"But, happily, as to most of us life adjusts its burdens to our aging shoulders and deadens us to mental ills. With increasing years we grow cold, not only in our blood, but in our power of apprehension of life's troubles; or it may be that, blessed still with the possession of all our faculties, we are now endowed with a kind philosophy that makes us at once less exacting of others and more considerate, and gives to us a full measure of enjoyment. In short, nature may be very kind to us, keeping us to the very end through years that may seem to us never declining, but ever happy and hopeful, as, for all my years, and despite my calling, the world seems to me this morning."—New York Sun.

REMORSE.

He voted for water one desolate day
When winter was taking its leave,
When the heavens spat snow in a driveling way,
And ice rattled down from the eave.
The children were out with their banners and songs,
And rub-be-dub-dub went the drummer,
The women marched by beating cymbals and gongs,
Exhorting the voters and crying their wrongs—
And he plum forgot all about summer.

The wind whistled out of the lowering sky
Tempestuous, stinging and blunt,
And the pots of hot coffee went scurrying by
To hearten the men at the front.
The church bells were tolling their prayers, ding-dong,
And rub-be-dub-dub went the drummer,
And the women just seized him and pushed him along
With a "Glory to God!" and a snatch of a song—
And he plum forgot all about summer.

He never once thought of the time when the heat
Would burn his internals to char,
And if given their head his intelligent feet
Would take him around to the bar.
He was carried away by the children's parade,
And the rub-be-dub-dub of the drummer,
And he voted for water and pink lemonade,
But now he repents (95 in the shade)—
For he plum forgot all about summer.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Castle of Gloom

By Robert Bracefield

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CHAPTER IV.

Mildred Boltwood a Mystery.

Van Tasel rode down the hill a few minutes later, dazed by the radiance Mildred Boltwood had left in his heart.

"A most lovely girl!" he mused, as he braced his feet to keep on the cushions, so steep was the road. "A most delicate, exquisite girl! A charming girl!"

He could scarcely find adjectives surpassing enough to fit her. It was a difficult thing to attempt to define her in words. He might say that she had the facial contour of a sylph, that she had a flawless skin, that her hair was in loose waves of chestnut, turning to gold, but when he had said it, it meant nothing at all, so far did it come from describing her.

"Who the deuce can she be?" he wondered; "and why isn't she known in New York?"

He knew families of Boltwoods, to be sure, but she didn't fit into any of them. Mentally, he went up Fifth avenue and then down Madison, but there was not a family to whom she could belong. He couldn't place her.

"She might have told me where she came from!" he thought. "She might have given a fellow some sort of a clew. It's perfectly clear that she's lived abroad, for that singular old castle of hers is as foreign as if it was set down on the cliffs of the Rhine, instead of those of the Hudson. I mean to see more of it, and more of her, notwithstanding the fact that she was so deucedly cold."

He was struggling vainly to recall where he had seen her before. It seemed that he remembered her as one might recollect a lost fragrance, and yet he couldn't be sure of it.

"A fellow sees such a lot of pretty girls in the world," he reflected, "that I may be mistaken. No doubt I am—and yet—"

He delved into the hidden recesses of his brain for a clew, but his efforts were futile.

Suddenly Van Tasel remembered the words Miss Boltwood had addressed to the footman concerning the servants. Why was she so concerned over the possible absence of a man-servant or two? Ah! it was clear enough, now that he thought of it. Her anxiety had not been for the servants, but for someone else—for the stranger they had encountered on the cliff.

It was rather early in his acquaintance for Van Tasel to be jealous, yet he clinched his fists.

"The devil take him!" he muttered. "Who is the vagabond?"

Van Tasel now recalled that there had been no such man at the railway station. Where had he come from? Following Miss Boltwood, quite likely, the scoundrel! Did she know who he was? Evidently not. She had been extraordinarily curious to learn if he might have been one of the servants. Clearly, his identity puzzled her—even alarmed her. Had she not given the castle watchmen a warning!

The carriage stopped at the railway station. Van Tasel had been too much preoccupied when he left the castle to give any orders, and the coachman had taken it for granted that he wanted to go there. Now, Van Tasel recalled that Miss Boltwood had not shown the slightest curiosity about him. She had not asked him where he was going, or how he chanced to be alighting from a train at Cranium Station. He was piqued, now that he thought of it. After what he had done for her, she might at least have asked a question or two.

However, Van Tasel gave the coachman a coin and dismissed him. Then he went into the lonely little depot, where the night operator was clicking away in his mysterious language.

"Will you direct me to a hotel?" he said, taking his suit case from the floor where he had left it.

"Hotel!" said the operator, in astonishment. "You don't expect to find a hotel here, do you?"

"If I hadn't," answered Van Tasel, in some heat, "do you suppose I would have paid your confounded railroad to haul me out here? What do you think I came here for—to sleep in the road?"

"I'm sure I don't know what brought you here, sir. I can't imagine what would bring any sane man to a place like this. As to sleeping in the road, you'll find your bed soft tonight."

Van Tasel now recalled, suddenly, that he hadn't had any dinner. The dining car had been crowded on his way out from New York, and when he had had a chance to get a seat at a table, the time was too short. He felt a rising resentment toward Miss Boltwood for letting him go away hungry. No doubt she was sitting down at that moment to a savory repast, while he——

He turned to the operator in anger again.

"See here," he demanded, "is there a restaurant in this infernal town?"

"No," responded the man, "there isn't even a town."

"Then why the devil do you stop your trains here? Why do you dump people off in such a spot?"

"Oh, there are a few people who live around on the hills, but only cranks and folks like old Darius DeWitte, who built Cranium Castle."

"DeWitte! I thought the name was Boltwood!"

"Old lady Boltwood and her daughter live there now, but DeWitte built it. He's dead long since. He made ten millions on Wall street. He thought he was czar of America, and he laid out a castle."

"Crazy?" asked Van Tasel. "Does Wall street affect them that way?"

"Yes, sooner or later. Old DeWitte kept getting crazier and crazier. For a while, folks thought it was funny, seeing him spend his whole fortune on a castle, but when he killed three men and wounded six others before they got him out, it wasn't quite so comical. He had two hundred servants, and one day he ordered ten of them beheaded because he said they were spies. When the others refused to cut off their heads, the old man commenced to shoot. They all ran away—at least those that could, and it took pretty nearly a regiment to dislodge the old fellow. He locked himself up in one of the towers. Afterward folks called the place 'Cracked Cranium Castle,' but that was too long, so it got to be 'Cranium.'"

"And the Boltwoods?" asked Van Tasel.

"Oh, I guess they're crazy, too, or they wouldn't live in a haunted old castle, that is crazy itself. They came here last winter from Paris, or London, or Naples. I forget which. Anyway, they came from Europe. They've got barrels of money, but they're mum, both of 'em.

"At first, the rest of the folks that live around here thought there'd be great doings up at the castle after the Boltwoods bought it, but they haven't had even a house warming up there, though they've had carloads of furniture and fixings, and stuff of one sort and another—most of it shipped from abroad. Besides, there was a heap of old stuff left in the castle. You see, nobody's lived in it except the watchmen for twenty years, until these folks came along. After old De Witte was taken off to the asylum, the castle stood empty for ten years or more, so I'm told, for, of course that was long before my day in these parts. Then some New York fool with plenty of cash went there to live, but he couldn't stand the ghosts, and he quit in six months, after dropping a fortune. It's been empty since then, up to last winter, and the heirs that owned it had mighty hard work to get even a watchman who'd stay there. The Boltwoods were easy. They paid a big price for the ruin. As for Mildred Boltwood, she's a stunner! Gee whiz! but she's—"

The man's familiar air jarred on Van Tasel. It seemed like profaning something sacred to apply such terms, even in praise, to the beautiful creature who had smiled so bewitchingly. True, she had turned him out into the road to sleep, without any dinner, but nevertheless he would not hear her spoken of in such a manner.

"Don't anybody ever go up there?" he interrupted.

"Not society folks! A few foreign-looking individuals come here sometimes, as sober as judges. The castle carriage meets them, and brings them back. They look Dutchy."

"Men?" asked Van Tasel, vaguely hoping that the Dutch-looking individuals might be women.

"Of course."

Then the operator grew confidential in tone.

"There have been other fellows, too, hanging around the cliff lately. What for, nobody knows. There have been stories, but I don't believe 'em."

"Stories?"

Van Tasel had a sudden sinking spell, remembering the strange man they had met on the cliff.

"Oh," the operator went on, "a lot of stuff to the effect that the girl's some criminal from Europe, who has committed some dark crimes, and whom the police have been searching for, all over the world. It does seem sort o' strange that there'd be sleuthy fellows sneaking around Cranium day and night. However, I'll stand up for this Boltwood girl, every time. I'm hers till death. And I like the old lady, too. She's a fine, stately, pompous old girl—looks straight ahead and minds her own business. Both of 'em do. Miss Mildred goes down to New York a good deal, most always alone, but sometimes with her ma, or with some o' those Dutchy fellows. Once she gave me a smile—yum, yum! Wasn't it great! Yum!"

Van Tasel could have knocked the man over for his familiarity. As to the gossip, he was still more impatient. The idea of Mildred Boltwood being a criminal! It was too absurd even to be mentioned. The most stupid student of physiognomy would would know that, at a glance. He had no doubt, either, as to her blood and breeding. She was blue to the soles of her feet.

So great was Van Tasel's disgust with what the night operator told him that he cut the talk short.

"What time does the next train go to New York?" he asked.

"Tomorrow morning," was the answer; "seven-thirty a. m."

CHAPTER V.

Stop the Limited!

Van Tasel was getting the logical result of his gamble for adventure, but he lost sight of the fact.

"The devil!" he said. "Is there no freight train, even, that might be flagged?"

"The next freight will be along in three hours, but I couldn't flag it for you. The Limited, of course, will go through here, at seventy-five miles an hour, but you wouldn't want to hop aboard her at that rate."

"The Limited!" said Van Tasel. "What time is she due?"

"In three minutes."

"Why didn't you say so?" exclaimed Van Tasel. "We'll stop her, of course."

The operator looked at Van Tasel in astonishment. Stop the Limited! Such assurance he had never dreamed of. As well stop the sun!

"You're crazy yourself, I think," he told Van Tasel. "Why, she doesn't even slow down between Albany and New York. She's the fastest train in the world."

Van Tasel took a hundred-dollar bill from his pocket and laid it in front of the operator.

"When I want a thing, and want it badly," he said, "I am willing to pay for it. Your road has set me down here without a place to put my head and without any supper. It must at least take me out again. This money is for you. Make any sort of excuse you wish, but stop the Limited!"

Van Tasel's proposal was so presumptuous that the operator was dazed. He regarded the money greedily, but he brushed it away from him.

"You're either a lunatic or a fool," he said, curtly. "Do you think I would lose my job for a hundred dollars?"

"I'll find you a new job, at higher wages. Just set the red signal and I'll see that you don't get the worst of it."

Van Tasel suddenly recollected that he owned a big block of stock in the railroad—he didn't remember how much. He had forgotten whether he was a director or not, but now that he thought of it, he was inclined to think that he was.

"The rules——" began the telegraph man.

"Bother the rules! I'll suspend them. See here! I am one of the big stockholders of this infernal line, and I'll have this Cranium Station abolished if you don't stop that train for me. If a man can't ride on his own cars, whose cars can he ride on?"

Van Tasel's bluff, however, was unavailing. The operator eyed him suspiciously. Demented men are dangerous beings around a railroad. Van Tasel took his cue instantly.

"See here!" he said. "I'm the president of the railroad. I own all the stock except a few scattering shares, which I intend to buy and present to you. Just set that red light!"

The operator looked in amazement. He was not quite sure that Van Tasel was acting a part, or was really crazy.

"I always carry nitroglycerin for such emergencies," continued Van Tasel, taking a fountain pen from his pocket. "This is full of it—double strength. There's enough to blow up the Limited. Set that red light, will you?"

"Wait!" called the operator, as Van Tasel started out of the room. "Hold on, there!"

"I refuse to wait, sir. You are discharged."

He waved the supposed explosive in one hand.

"One, two, three!" he exclaimed. "Just wait till she comes! Won't it be sport!"

At that moment the hoarse voice of the Limited spoke in the distance. Van Tasel dropped his acting.

"You fool!" he said, shoving the hundred dollar bill back to the operator. "Can't you understand so simple a proposition? I am a lunatic, and you will stop the train to prevent me from wrecking it. What better excuse could you want? Why, man, they'll promote you instead of discharging you. Put the money in your pocket and keep still. Now set that signal—quick!"

The deep-toned warning sounded again, now almost on Cranium.

"But you!" said the operator, still hesitating, as he stood with one hand on the signal switch and the other clutching the money. "They will arrest you when you get to New York."

"In New York I can take care of myself. Quick!—quick!"

It was done in an instant. The red flash of fire shone in the engineer's eyes as the train bore down on the station, and, with a tremendous creaking of brakes and hissing of steam the Limited came to a stop with the last car abreast of the depot. Van Tasel clambered aboard as a porter opened a vestibule to see what was up.

"Take him along!" yelled the operator. "He's insane! If you don't, he'll blow up the Limited!"

They let Van Tasel very much alone during the trip to New York. He found a seat in the parlor car, but no one came to collect his fare, though he saw the conductor and rear brakeman talking earnestly together as they eyed him surreptitiously. Lunatics are good persons to let alone. He satisfied his appetite in the cafe car, and the waiters danced attendance, serving the choicest viands the railroad's stores afforded. Crazy men are often good eaters, and while they are eating they can't be blowing up trains or murdering dining car men.

When the Limited pulled into Grand Central station Van Tasel got out with the rest. A brakeman who had been helping a fat woman off just ahead of him stepped back and gave him free passage. The conductor politely let him go by. Men with nitroglycerine in their pockets and disordered brains in their heads are best handled by the police.

Van Tasel had no doubt that the Cranium operator had wired the train dispatcher a full account of the narrow escape of the Limited, and he shrewdly imagined that New York's blue-coated guardians would be awaiting him on the other side of the gate. However, Van Tasel had been in tighter places. As a soldier of fortune he had not been deterred by trifles from having his way. Besidees, he had the advantage of being six-feet-two in his stockings and of possessing some two hundred pounds, largly muscles. At Harvard he had been the joy of the football team.

Of course, Van Tasel had no fear of a lunatic asylum, for a disclosure of his identity would quickly clear him. A heavy stockholder in the railroad could scarcely be jailed for wanting to ride to New York on his own Limited, and, besides, people knew Van Tasel, and his strenuous methods.

Nevertheless, he preferred to escape a publicity which must necessarily be annoying to Mildred Boltwood. He had no intention of falling, even temporarily, into the hands of the police.

When Van Tasel made up his mind to do a thing, he did it by short cuts. As he neared the fence with the crowd, he suddenly changed his course and bolted through an in-coming gate, with only the keeper beside it. A few strides took him to the outer doors of the station. A cab was going by and Van Tasel was inside with a bound, shouting to the driver:

"To the Pennsylvania ferry! A fifty-dollar bill if you make it in twenty minutes."

Of course, he had no intention of going to the ferry, but it might be convenient to give the police a fine clew. Once around on Broadway, he put his head out of the window and said to his driver:

"Never mind the ferry; I've changed my mind."

Then he gave the cabman his Madison avenue address.

"You needn't look so glum," he added, "you shall have that fifty, anyway."

CHAPTER VI.

Home Minus Matrimony.

Van Tasel found himself home again, after his experiment at hunting something new in the world. It was a trifle past midnight, and he had been away from New York about six hours. It was a ludicrous sort of homecoming, and Van Tasel chuckled when he thought what a very good joke it was. After all, it hadn't turned out so badly. He had discovered a castle and its princess—the most wonderful, fairy-like being on earth! He had forced an entrance to the castle itself and had talked to its mistress. He had flagged the fastest train in the world, and had been taken for a maniac, and was safe at home—all in six hours! Surely, this was a gait strenuous enough even for a Van Tasel.

But this wasn't the final sum and substance of his gamble with fate. He was not through with Mildred Boltwood, he promised himself. That such feminine splendor should escape him with one little meeting was not conceivable. His friend Fosdick had often said that some day Van Tasel would make an arduous lover, when the right time arrived. The prediction was safe. Anybody who knew Van Tasel knew well enough that Satan himself would have to step lively if he got in the way of Van Tasel the lover. No Limited trains could go by and bear her away from him.

But just now Van Tasel was home again, and home is not a place for strenuosity. After ringing his bell vainly for a minute he let himself in with his latch-key.

"Confound that loafing James!" he muttered as he groped for the electric light switch. "I haven't found him at home but once or twice in a month. I've heard the women wail about servants, but they'd take to the woods if they had my James."

When he got the lights on, however, Van Tasel relented.

"I don't know that I ought to blame James," he thought, "considering the fact that I'm likely to go away in the morning and not show up for days—and come back quite as abruptly. The rascally valet hasn't work enough to keep him out of mischief. I'm sure that if I were in his place, I wouldn't sit down here with my hands folded. Ha! James isn't so thoughtless after all. Here he's laid out my slippers and dressing gown, all ready for me, the sly fox! He knows me too well! I shouldn't complain with such comforts within my reach."

Van Tasel got inside the gown and slippers and dropped into a great chair. He closed his eyes, laid his head back, and, to all appearances, was soon asleep. In reality Van Tasel was perfectly wide awake, although he was dreaming.

"Home!" he was thinking, with sarcasm. "So I've got home again, have I! Cheerful, isn't it, to have a home to go to, when one gets weary of things outside? Cheerful to have a nice quiet home like this! Not even a dog or a cat to welcome a fellow!"

He was surrounded by most luxurious bachelor appointments. He had spent a fortune in fitting up his quarters. He had filled them with the choicest of paintings and statuary and curios, gathered from the four points of the globe. Yet it was cold and lifeless to him now. It repelled him.

"Too devilish like a refrigerator!" he continued to soliloquize. "I've a notion to close up the place and move over to the Waldorf-Astoria, or Plaza. There's life there, at all events, though it may have a false ring to it."

He smoked for a time in silence.

"Mildred Boltwood would make a fellow a deuced swell wife!" he said aloud.

A few more puffs.

"Divine!" he exclaimed.

Once more he smoked.

"A heavenly paradise with her as its queen!"

He subsided into silent meditations, while his cigar burned low. Finally he got up and paced.

"With such a lovely creature," he murmured, "any man might rest content. Now, if she reigned in this place, instead of that always-absent and cotton-headed valet, what bliss—!"

His hopeless condition quite maddened him. He turned about abruptly, kicked at a chair, and was uttering impolite language when he heard a voice behind him:

"'As anything 'appened, sir?"

Van Tasel turned quickly.

"James," he said sternly, "when you spend the night out and return like a snake at this hour, kindly announce your presence by ringing."

"Yes'r," said James. "I 'ardly expected you tonight, sir. Didn't you do it, sir?"

"Do what?"

"Gamble with fate, sir."

"Oh, yes, James; of course. I played the game hard, while it lasted—and it isn't over with yet. I've just come back for a little recess. Well, what's the matter? What are you looking at me like a monkey for? Have you got any fault to find with me for not getting home oftener?"

"No," responded James, with some diffidence, "it ain't that. It's not that I ain't satisfied with you, sir, for I never worked for nobody that suited me better. I thought, sir, that per'aps you'd like to know it, sir—that I'm going to get married."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Van Tasel. "Get married! Are you crazy? Come, now, don't try to bluff me. You know well enough that I can't get along without you. How much wages do you want?"

James brightened, but shook his head.

"It ain't a question o' wages, sir, though o' course whatever you do in that line'll be 'appily received w'ile I stay. I've found the right sort o' lass—a very lovely Hinglish lass."

James was covered with confusion and blushes.

"You rascal!" said Van Tasel. "What the devil do you want to get married for?"

"I know you don't b'lieve in marrying, sir," apologized James, "but w'en a man meets 'is fate, sir, what can e' do but marry hit?"

Van Tasel shook his head sagely.

"Nonsense, James, take your fate by the horns. Beware of lovely girls. You are doing well enough where you are. Few valets in New York have better places—and I'll venture to say that there isn't one who has so little to do. You have a sinecure, James."

"James didn't know what a sinecure was, but he answered:

"Yes'r, but a bit lonely at times."

"Lonely! What's the matter with you? You'll long for loneliness after you're married. See here! isn't there some inducement I could offer to get you to give up the marriage idea? Suppose I brought somebody here to make things more lively—suppose, for example, that I got married myself!"

James was incredulous.

"You'll not do it, sir. A man as 'ates women as you does, sir, never'll get married."

Van Tasel looked glum at this grave prediction. He gave up the matrimonial argument and sent the lovesick valet off to bed.

For a long time Van Tasel sat there and smoked, and the dawn was peeping over the maze of roofs before he stirred himself.

"'We'en a man meets 'is fate,'" he repeated with a deep sigh, "'what can 'e do but marry hit?'"

(To Be Continued.)

The Count and The Congressman

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

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CHAPTER X.

Long after the rest of the hotel guests had put out the lights of their respective floors; when the last music boat had ceased its distracting repetition of "Non ver," "Funicull, Funicula," and the rest of them; when the glorious majesty of night had been left to reign undisturbed over the darkly flowing tides of the water city, a poor sorrowing young girl sat at her high casement looking out upon slumbering Venice. Never, if she lived to a green old age, could Margot Methuen forget the vigil of that night! For it is to youth, after all, that sorrow and disappointment loom largest in this world. In later years, human nature knows what to expect of its fellow beings and of the decrees of Destiny. The blow falls, the iron sears deeply, but life is inexorable and must be lived. What one has had and may have no more, passes to join the great procession of accomplished joys; it is of what is left that experience sets to work reforming and recasting remnants into the semblance of the heart's desire.

Margot in her present distress, saw comfort nowhere and asked for none. For upon reaching her bedroom after the exciting experience of hearing Stelvio sing upon the Grand canal, she had found on her dressing table the letter addressed by him to her aunt's care, and sitting under the meagre light of an electric bulb suspended by the management of the hotel far beyond likelihood of illuminating aught below, read it with breathless eagerness. In a few words, Stelvio told her of the sudden illness that had kept him from her side; of his grief and bitter disappointment that she had given him no chance to explain himself; of his resistance of the immediate temptation to follow her and offer these facts in person; and, finally—to her complete despair—of his acceptance of her farewell.

"What you have decreed as to our separation," the letter ran, "I have no alternative but to accept with the best grace I can muster. Nothing would make me bring distress upon you and those you love, by a selfish insistence upon my love for you. To think that through me, whichever way you turn shows only misery, would be always a source of self-reproach. If, since we parted, circumstances have so shaped themselves that I am now in a position to offer you a lot more worthy of you than before, I still see that it is one your family would consider far below your deserts or their expectations. In our country I think people consider more than with you those who have given them birth, and I sympathize with your high sense of duty to your parents. Never, never would I ask you to sacrifice them to me. On the contrary, I can bid you go back to be their joy and comfort, forgetting one who grieves that his love has given you such pain. I should be a poor sort of a fellow if I could not bear this blow, and you must think of me as standing up after it and going back to my life-work with no ill-feeling or vain regret. Least of all could I fail to think of you as other than my friend.

"But before you pass from my life, I am going to indulge in a last weakness. I shall accompay this letter to Venice, hang around your hotel till I have one more look at you, and then—do something foolish, reckless. I know not what, to put myself in touch with you, without actually speaking. I must make you feel for or with me just once more. It seems so blank and wretched to part forever, without one last thrill of the feeling we had for each other during the blest half hour in the Court of Hermes . . . After that, I go, I give you up, yet long as you may live, you will never have had anyone to love you better. I kiss your wonderful little white hands, though I may never kiss your face."

His name followed, fearlessly signed in full. Margot knew what method he had fallen upon, poor boy, to let song speak to her heart from his! And now he was gone, there was no dignified method of recalling him, their break was utter, final! She wondered, leaning from her window under the starlight where in this lovely floating city he slept that night! She longed to send her spirit out to meet his and mingle with it. She wished they might have died together rather than live separate. Margot, in short, committed all the extravagances of imagination of which a baffled first love is capable, and then, poor child, towards morning consented to take her very real suffering to bed.

She had not yet undressed, and in the act of unfastening her belt let fall from it the letter from her sister in America forgotten during these hours of distress. Self-reproached for her neglect, Margot stooped to pick up poor Jessy's missive, feeling little in tune with its probable contents. To her surprise, the envelope proved to have been addressed, only, by Jessy, the enclosure of eight closely written pages, being in her mother's slanting Italian hand, almost unreadable by the present light. Margot, with feelings that may be imagined, succeeded in deciphering what follows here:

"Oh, my darling child, my sweetest little one, what have I got to write you? You know your father's habit of looking over my letters to you and adding a postscript for himself. To avoid this, I am writing on Jessy's table in her room, and she will forward it, though you wouldn't believe we have come to such a dreadful state of things that even a five-cent stamp has to be considered amongst us. Yes, we are as poor as the poorest, and the most wretched part of all is that Dr. Wiles, who has just seen dearest papa, tells me and the girls that unless he stops office work for a while, he will break down utterly, and be an invalid for the rest of his life. I have cried until I am sick. None of us dare tell dear papa, and we've begged the doctor not to do so until we can think what to do. For his salary, small as it is, is all that stands between us and starvation. Dr. Wiles says if papa can be sent away to the country till the hot weather passes, eat good food and sleep unbrokenly, he has a chance of escaping an immediate collanse. But I see and know better than any doctor could tell me that what he needs is to give up the office permanently, though that, he declares, he can never, never do, and prefers to die in harness. Oh, my child, how often do I wish now that poor papa had been guided by my advice, and had never gone into those dreadful speculations in mining stock that ate up all our patrimony! When I think what a blessed comfort even a little of that money would bring us now! But he won't even let me mention the subject; it seems to have the strangest effect of exciting him to anger against me and everybody especiaay against our good friend, Mr. McPhail, whom I must say, Margot, has been everything that is delicate and considerate to me. I really can't understand dearest papa's unkind attitude toward Mr. McPhail. You may be sure

NOTABLE FIGURES OF NEW YORK'S HISTORY

FITZ GREEN HALLECK

A man who was once the most lauded poet in New York and who seems now to be almost entirely forgotten is Fitz-Greene Halleck, to whom a statue (the first to an American poet to be erected) still stands in the Mall in Central Park.

Halleck was born in Guilford, Conn., and came to New York upon attaining his majority. Here he lived for forty years, the most popular poet in America. His satires, with their mingled wit, humor and sentiment, were the talk of their day. His poems were first collected in 1827.

The friendship between Halleck and his brother poet, Joseph Rodman Drake, survives in Halleck's well known verses beginning:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Of Halleck's poems this, and his Marco Bozzaris seem destined to immortality.

ANTIDOTE FOR INGERSOLL

Colonel Ingersoll was to speak in a western town. As an antidote the good people announced for the following night: "An answer to Ingersoll!" Circulars were even scattered about the hall the night before, and one was handed to Ingersoll by mistake as he made his way toward the platform.

He was fairly into his subject, when a mule attached to one of the vehicles about the entrance opened up an opposition, after the manner of mules. Ingersoll paused, listened intently till the music ceased for an instant, then, shaking a menacing finger in the direction whence the sound had come, he cried:

"Hold on there! You stop! Can't you play fair? This is my evening! You are advertised for tomorrow night!"

WHEN LUCK COMES TO YOU

The mistake which the generality of people make is in not being ready for their luck when it comes. While they are still considering its possibilities, it is up the chimney and down the next street. The really lucky people are those who lie in wait for their luck and seize it, and cling to it till the moment when the sleeping Furies awake, and hurling themselves on them, snatch it out of their hand. To toy with their luck, as so many people do, to treat it as if it were something that could wait till tomorrow, is to court inevitable disaster. For in whatever light we choose to regard it, whether as blind chance or divine interference, luck, when it comes to us, is too mysterious a force to be treated in any spirit but that of reverential awe and profound gratitude.—Woman's Life.

I haven't ventured to tell him the numberless generous things McPhail has done for us, but there is one, my precious child, I shall have to confess to you. Blame me if you must, but pity and pardon your poor unhappy mother. When we were so dreadfully behindhand last month, what with your brother's illness and all that, I let Mr. McPhail lend me some money, expecting to repay it by degrees. Margot, if you will believe me, what is left of that money is what we are living upon now! Poor papa, as you know, always gives me his salary when he draw it at the end of the month, and he does not dream how long it must be before we can possibly get back to living upon that small sum even as poorly as before. The bills had simply piled up, and I dared not let him see them. Some of them had to be paid at once and others still hang on. But for our kind, noble friend, we should be in the extreme of misery. And when I think that Harmony Hall, with the servants and horses is waiting for us, not a soul to enjoy it, and that our being there would be a protection to the place, and your father could oversee the farm work, exactly what he loves to do, and be out all day in the fresh air, do you wonder that I cry out to you to try and help us? Do try and think more patiently and kindly of the man who has so long loved you. Don't think me an unnatural mother, my precious child. You are my last born, my very dearest, and I do want one of you at least to be spared all the miseries of poverty like ours. Mr. McPhail told me, before he left, that he was going to ask you again, and begged me to speak a good word for him. A son could not have been gentler, more devoted, and I believe he would make you a splendid husband. Oh! Margot, when you have seen life as I have, you will know that almost no woman living ever gets all she expects in marriage. She is bound to be disillusioned, disappointed, somewhere. One has to look at a man as he is, with all his faults and shortcomings and virtures and attractions heaped together, and decide whether to bear with him or let everything go to wreck by fighting against him. The love part of it, the girl's dream of being a queen, an idol, lasts so short a time in most cases! With you I believe it would be a different tale. Angus McPhail worships the ground you tread on, he is prepared to do everything to make you happy, and his first wish, after that, is to relieve your father's distressing situation, by placing him in charge of Harmony Hall and the estate as manager, with a salary of the most liberal description. It is you only who could win your father to take this offer, not from Mr. McPhail's but from your own hand. McPhail proposes to settle the estate upon you as a marriage gift, to do with as you please."

* * * * * * *

So far as this Margot had deciphered her mother's pinched and painful scrawl. At this point she let it fall, and burst into bitter weeping, the first tears she had shed during the whole of that piteous night!

And then Margot went back to her open window, and leaning out, gazed at the wondrous beauty of the scene, till a pink light came upon the horizon over beyond the Campanile on Isola S. Georgio, and the gondoliers at the station near the hotel awoke and began to quarrel with each ther fearfully over their preparations for the day. Worn out with fatigue and resolution, the girl withdrew from her post and betook herself to bed.

It was eleven o'clock of a brilliant June morning when her aunt's maid Lydia came in with a cup of chocolate and a roll.

"I have been twice before, Miss Methuen," the woman said, "but you were so sound asleep, Mrs. Methuen told me not to arouse you. Mrs. Methuen wishes me to say that they are starting at a little before twelve for Chioggia, where they are to take luncheon in the open air. There's to be a motorboat to take you, and oh! if you please, miss, Mr. McPhail's valet has just handed me this little parcel for you; there's a card inside."

"You may put the parcel on my dressing table, Lydia," responded Margot, without visible emotion. "And the tray with my chocolate here beside the bed. I shall need nothing more."

The maid did as she was bid, going out disappointed. The whole party was accustomed to look for dazzling surprises in the lightest act of their Monte Cristo host, and Lydia did long to see inside that parcel!

Of the suite retained by McPhail for his guests' accommodation, Margot's room was the one boasting of most comfort and elegance. When she now passed into her luxurious modern salle de bain with its marble fittings, a stabbing thought came to her of the family at home in their cramped quarters waiting turns for the use of a worn old zinc-lined tub. She could even see the pattern of the threadbare crash towel assigned to each person, as it flopped upon its nail driven into the shabby tiled paper of the bathroom!

Until nearly ready to go out, she did not open McPhail's parcel. It proved to contain a small square box covered with pale rose-colored moire antique, a trifle of the variety that brings to the eyes of a happy, wholesome young girl the light of anticipatory rapture. Margot hesitated, sighed, then opened it. There upon its rose velvet background, lay a square purse of golden meshes, its intersections set with emeralds, the chain to suspend it around the neck a miracle of Venetian craftsmanship in emeralds and pearls. For a moment Margot's face lit with the pleasure of surveying the exquisite thing, which she remembered to have seen in a jeweler's window in the Piazza, the day before. (Mrs. Clandeboye had said in commenting upon it, that it was fit for a bridal present to a queen!)

Then her eye fell upon the giver's card, upon which he had pencilled a few words, begging her to wear this trifle for his sake, in token that she had at least learned to look more kindly upon his efforts to give her pleasure. A vivid blush ran up into the roots of her hair, as with a desperate effort at self-mastery, she took the chain and threw it over her shoulders.

* * * * * * *

Lydia had to return, bearing Mrs. Methuen's request that their young lady would hurry, since all of the others were assembled and awaiting her in the lower hall of the hotel. Margot, who wore that day a thin white muslin covered with a light tracery of embroidery (one of Aunt Katrina's aesthetic contributions to her wardrobe which that beauty-loving lady could never hope to duplicate with similarly pleasing results in the case of her legitimate heir, Miss Minnie Fothergill!) hastily put on a large pale green hat of Neapolitan straw wreathed with white roses, which set aslant according to capricious fashion upon the splendid waves of her ruddy hair, added the exact touch of style and color needed to intensify her radiancy of young beauty. No trace of her lonely vigil marred her blooming cheeks and lips. Her head was carried high, a spark of proud resolve gleamed in her eye. Only a closer, more accurate observer than any likely to look upon her face that day would have said that she had grown older in a night.

Unfurling a large white frilled parasol, she took her place with intrepidity in the line of guests waiting on the steps to dispose of themselves in the gondolas that were to conduct the party to the place of rendezvous at the Piazzetta. To her lot in transit fell the companionship of her aunt and M. Amadou, the young French artist provided to meet their need of "an extra man" through the flagging interest of his welcome patroness, Countess Fleury. McPhail, last to embark in the gondola where sat his own man-servant keeping guard over sundry hampers and boxes of tempting exterior, together with wraps and parasols, had bestowed upon the lady of his love as she appeared among them a single all-comprehending glance. When he espied the ripple and glitter of his emerald chain blending with the transparent laces and embroideries that but half veiled her beautiful neck, his face kindled with a rapture that to do him justice, was almost humble. She had given him the tips of a long white glove as she stepped in to her place, and he was astonished at her cool and collected speech.

"I will take another time to thank you for your lovely present," she said. "And what a perfect day you have secured for us! Bright—but not too bright. Cool, too, with that heavenly breeze from the Adriatic! Please forgive me, Aunt Katrina, for keeping you all waiting."

In her relief at finding herself alone with her aunt and young Monsieur Amadou, the evil day of further reencounter with her host ever so little posponed, Margot chattered incessantly, with a charm and vivacity that bowled over the susceptible Amadou and astonished Mrs. Methuen. Now, for the first time, upon lifting her lorgnon to survey the animated scene as they approached the Piazzetta, the lady beheld around Margot's neck the badge of her changed relation to McPhail. She had been told by him of the tentative gift, and had warned him that it would probably be returned without a moment's consideration. That she beheld the costly trifle now actually worn by Margot, revealed to her a new and startling chapter of her niece's life story. Quickly connecting this circumstance with the two letters Margot had received overnight, she felt assured that the one from Stelvio had embodied his final farewell, while that from the girl's sister must have precipitated her determination to come to the relief of her distressed family.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Wilfred Methuen was without natural feeling in her relation to the case. She had taken Margot as an experiment, and had long realized the woful contrast of the existence awaiting her on the inevitable return to her father's home. Had it been possible, how gladly would she have transferred to this charming and beautiful young person the gifts of fortune awaiting Miss Minnie Fothergill, who, it must be owned, did not in the least delight or satisfy her aunt. As a provision for Margot's future, the ideas of the marriage with McPhail had been swallowed—nay gulped—by Mrs. Methuen as an unpalatable but very necessary pill. She could only hope that the man's genuine devotion to her niece, his large generosity to her family would in the end atone for his other less desirable qualities as a husband. The episode with Count Stelvio upon which she had hardly, at first, bestowed serious thought, had in the last few days loomed larger and ominous before her mental gaze. And now, the sight of Margot appearing upon this brilliant summer day in fullest beauty and apparent good spirits with a token so patent of her determination to accept her American suitor, brought a confusion not altogether pleasing, to Aunt Katrina's busy brain.

The expression of McPhail's face, as he helped them ashore at the steps of the Piazzetta, went far to convince her that Margot had already revealed to him this signal mark of her resolve to favor him. He was proud, joyous, and yet so much in check that Mrs. Methuen thought he had never appeared to so great advantage. He made no attempt to emphasize his desire that Margot should reign as the chief lady of his party, letting her pass ahead in company with Monsieur Amadou, whilst he himself lingered looking over the lagune as if awaiting some one else.

"Aren't we all here?" said Mrs. Methuen. "I thought our gondola was the last."

"I have been fortunate enough to secure an addition to our number," answered McPhail, "in the persons of two American ladies, Miss Carteret, of Washington, and her charge, Miss Conners."

"The young person, Countess Fleury, desiens for Count Stelvio," interposed Mrs. Clandeboye, who was standing near. "And as Miss Conners and her chaperon are now on their way to visit our clever friend, who knows what may come out of her diplomacy? But imagine the Chicago maiden under the mouldering roof of Far Niente. All of her dollars could not make it a tolerable shelter for her."

"I have a surprise for you," said Amadou. "This morning early I went to the station to meet a friend from Paris, and whom should I see getting into the train for Milan but Count Stelvio himself. He looked pale and ill, and as if he wanted greetings from nobody, so I did not let him see that I saw him. Heavens! what a head that man carries on his shoulders. Perfection in line and poise and tinting. It will be a very lucky Mlle. Conners who gets such a return for her American gold. As a decorative object in a home, his value is equal to that of his own Biberon."

"Now, Mr. McPhail's Biberon," said Mrs. Clandeboye, nodding gaily toward their host. "But Stelvio in Venice—? It must, then, have been he—but no, impossible; he would never—listen, Mrs. Methuen and Margot, our Italian Edgar of Ravenswood, has actually been here over night. Shabby fellow, not to give us a call in passing. Put the fact of his presence in Venice beside our fancy that it was his voice that enraptured the listeners on the Canal last night, and what is the result? That last song was a wail that has ever since been ringing in my ears."

"You aren't well?" asked McPhail of Margot, who had turned away her head. So far was he from suspecting in this poverty-stricken foreigner a rival to his own solid U. S. attractions, that it did not occur to him to connect her sudden pallor with the mention of Stelvio's name.

"Oh, yes, I am well. I mean to thoroughly enjoy our day," she protested gaily as many a woman has done before her, with a gnawing pain hidden in her heart. "And so this is the Rosa Maria awaiting us? What a miracle of spotless decks and shining brasswork, and the little sailors look as if they were dressed to sell at a bazaar. Mayn't I step aboard, please, or must we wait ashore for Miss Carteret?"

"You shall be first to take possession," he answered, charmed with her graciousness. She let him conduct her down the steps, and about the jaunty craft, finally installing herself in a wicker chair under the awning of green and white, he in his snowy ducks and straw hat, standing to survey her with rapturous approval in his gaze.

"She has made up her mind, poor dear," thought Mrs. Methuen, taking in this little scene from her position on the quay. "I wish it could have been Jessy (who would have jumped at him!) or either of the others. Why has he persisted in wanting Margot, and Margot only? If men only realized what they get in marrying beauties. Ane whole womb puts her first and thinks it fair game to make him fall behind. Whereas a nice, plain, thankful, adoring wife—but Jessy—no, I couldn't have stood Jessy. Vapid, commouplace, shreds and patches in her clothes and talk. Even Minnie Fothergill has ideas—!"

"I have not dared let you see how happy it has made me that you wear my poor little present," McPhail was saying under his breath to Margot.

Margot started. While he had been answering her questions about the boat, the distance to Chioggia, and the like, in her mind had been echoing the tender sweetness of the refrain in Stelvio's voice. "And yet Love stays!"

She had tried to fancy Angus McPhail committing the rash and reckless act of sending his songs afar on the wing of brooding night in the trust that they might meet Love's ear—and had failed, signally.

"I—I—wanted to please you," she said faltering. "You see they have written me from some all that you are to them, and I couldn't rest till I had in part discharged the obligation to those I love."

"Again and again have I told you there could be no sense of obligation if you felt to me as I do to you," he began in a passionate undertone.

She interrupted him almost calmly.

"Oh! but you see that could not be—could never be. It is because I know it so painfully well that I feel ashamed even to try to let you think I am changed really."

"Give me yourself, and I'll be content to wait and work till you do 'change really," he said, with the same old tremor in his voice.

"You would not be afraid?"

"I have my faults, but that doesn't happen to be one of them. Try me."

"I am trying myself first. As I speak to you now, and hear such words from you as these, I seem indeed to be someone other than myself. Do you think you could be good enough to let me stop a little while now, and perhaps begin again later."

"Haven't I shown that I can wait?" he exclaimed, charmed by the wistful sweetness of her look upward into her face. Her appeal brought to the surface the best he had of consideration and Margot felt instinctively that he held her in all respect, and would not presume upon her half-way move in his direction so pathetically restrained by her own maidenly alarms.

The appearance upon the scene of Miss Carteret looking more fair, slim and distinguee, in her simple summer frock through contrast with her podgy charge clad in a Paris confection of elaborated openwork, put an end to their talk, at the same time that it precipitated the immediate departure of the Rosa Maria from the quay. Two or three men recruited from an American yacht in the harbor, having already presented themselves, the party lost no time in settling down in detachments of twos or threes upon benches or chairs deliciously shaded by the green striped canopy of the chief deck. At the same moment it apparently occurred to the all-accomplished Chapman to issue forth from the cabin bearing a tray with sundry ice-beaded glasses at which nobody looked twice before seeming willing to experiment in their cooling contents. In the coming general chorus of chat and laughter, individual conversation had no place.

"So that is the famous heiress?" whispered a merry young fellow in Margot's ear. "She certainly needs all she is reputed to possess to carry her through life. And a mere man could never be made to understand why the poor thing should be obliged to wear a dress all over holes that her maid has had to sew up before she started."

"I can't hope to initiate you into the mysteries and cost of 'broderie Anglaise,'" said Margot. "Such a frock as Miss Conners is wearing today is coveted by all average womankind, and really it becomes her very well—at least fairly well."

"They tell me she is going on from Venice for a visit to an old friend of my mother's, Countess Fleury, who is known to be an autocratic matchmaker, and that she will end by marrying di Selvio. Do you know him, by the way? Man who came out to Washington last year, and spent a few days at Newport at my mother's house?"

"I have met Count Stelvio," answered Margot faintly.

"If he takes the girl, as seems probable, since la Fleury manages the affair, imagine their coming into a room together—he an ideal of old Greek beauty linked for life to a stout, thick-skinned female like that, who cannot open her mouth without a twang of provincial speech. I have been around the world since I started on my travels on Langdon's yacht, and have seen some varied phases of human society, but as yet, nothing so incongruous as this alliance would seem to be. Why can't she stay at home and bestow her 'popper's' millions upon some worthy ambitious young American of whom there are hundreds in our colleges wanting only capital to make them rise to the top in American society."

"What is the top of American society?" said Margot, glad of a change of theme. "From your standpoint of Newport high life, for instance, I should think a reasonable being might be satisfied to remain below it. But I didn't expect to find a philosopher on Mr. Langdon's yacht, and perhaps you are not all as black as you're painted in yellow journals."

"A few of us still leaven the mass of pushing plutocrats," he answered. "But to return to Stelvio, I've a bit of gossip for you. They say it was he who sang so divinely on the canal last night in the masked boat with the emerald lanterns. An artist's freak, of course, but what a treat for the rest of us! Some friends of mine followed the boat and saw him get out at his hotel. Langdon tried to coax him to come off with us on the yacht, but he declined, and left Venice this morning. Kind of voice that draws one's soul out of one, isn't it? If I were a sentimental creature I'd say it sounded like a spirit shut out from the haunts of mortals pleading with one he loved to come after him."

"You will let me shake hands with you, for Washington's sake?" said Miss Bessie Carteret, crossing the deck at this juncture to stand before Margot in a very winning and wholly friendly attitude. "Besides, I have known your mother before she stopped going out, to the regret of all her friends. And I am actually a fourth cousin of your father's. We Virginians are all tangled up in a skein of relationships, you see. I have blamed myself that I never met you last winter when you were first engaged in the game of winning hearts."

Someone else at that moment engaging the attention of Margot's late interlocutor, Miss Carteret slipped gracefully into the seat he had vacated upon her coming up.

"Isn't this breeze from the Adriatic refreshing?" she went on, hardly waiting for the young girl's answer. "And the run down from the Lido is always so beautiful. Venice melting into the background like a dream city, all the rest blue upon blue, except for the white or red or tawny sails, and the black hulks of the gondolas. I hear you are just from Como—where we go tomorrow—and that you have been, as we say on our side, "the greatest possible success." Countess Fleury wrote us about you first. She is a delightful dear, isn't she? What a dreadful pity that life can't be always moonlight and roses, or azure skies blending with azure waters, and one's troubles and responsibilities three thousand miles away! But it can't, worse luck, and the main thing is to accept realities bravely, and let the beautiful phases of our present experience go to glorify the prosaic and depressing part to come."

"Trank you for saying that!" flashed the girl. She had not expected it from the source. It almost seemed as if the older woman had acted upon some impulse of cheer and consolation springing from a quick divination of Margot's mental conflict. In this moment of isolation and recoil, a touch of human sympathy was inexpressibly welcome.

"Oh, my dear!" cried Miss Carteret. "If you only knew what you bring back! You are such a thorough type of our class—and I might have been so different, had there been anyone to—there, there! Let us say no more. It's a far cry from here to old Virginia, where we both began life. Let's be friends as we are compatriots."

They talked for a while upon general topics, until McPhail, whose anxious eye had been covertly upon the two, could bear it no longer and crossed the deck to stand beside them. A glance revealed to him that Betty was showing her best, most generous self to the girl who had supplanted her, and he looked at her gratefully. He felt rewarded for the impulse to include her in his party, which had caused him on returning to his hotel the night before to write a cordial note of invitation for Miss Carteret and her charge. He had a little sense of shame at having fancied this invitation might save him future annoyance at her hands, since in his letter-case he held a final note from her, written after the episode of his "bridge dinner" in Washington, in which she had bravely freed him forevermore from all obligations of fidelity to her. That he had not Betty Carteret's fine understanding of the nature of a pledge was perhaps not entirely his fault. He now brightened enormously, stopped by the two ladies for a time, and when called away by the necessity of looking after other guests, bestowed upon Miss Carteret a second look eloquent with gratitude.

"Now I must no longer keep away from you the men whom I see hovering about looking as if they wished me at the Antipodes," said Miss Carteret.

"Oh, don't go!" exclaimed Margot, who of all the men present dreaded most the return of the one who had just left them. "Talking to you has made me think of home and my own people in the nicest way, and besides, if you only knew, it has helped me in a resolve I have taken to let nothing keep me from putting them always first."

"I believe I do know," said Miss Carteret, greatly moved by what she read in the frightened appeal of the face uplifted to hers. "And, dear child, I wish with all my heart I could help you more tangibly. Will it comfort you to believe that the man you are going to accept as a lover loves you with such a deep and unselfish passion as he has never felt before? That he is capable of the largest generosities, and will never separate or wean you from those you love, and that in marrying him you are assuming a wide opportunity for good that he will try to maintain always."

"You think so?" asked the girl, tears starting to her eyes.

"I am sure," answered Betty Carteret; and then for a few moments before separating each woman gazed over the little steamer's rail at a panorama of sun-bathed sky and water to which neither assuredly gave a thought!

(To Be Continued.)

That our American forests abound in plants which possess the most valuable medicinal virtues is abundantly attested by scores of the most eminent medical writers and teachers. Even the untutored Indians had discovered the usefulness of many native plants before the advent of the white race. This information, imparted freely to the whites, led the latter to continue investigations until to-day we have a rich assortment of most valuable American medicinal roots.

Dr. Pierce believes that our American forests abound in most valuable medicinal roots for the cure of most obstinate and fatal diseases, if we would properly investigate them; and in confirmation of this conviction, he points with pride to the almost marvelous cures effected by his "Golden Medical Discovery," which has proven itself to be the most efficient stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart tonic and regulator, and blood cleanser known to medical science. Dyspepsia, or indigestion, torpid liver, functional and even valvular and other affections of the heart yield to its curative action. The reason why it cures these and many other affections, is clearly shown in a little book of extracts from the standard medical works which is mailed free to any address by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., to all sending request for the same.

Not less marvelous, in the unparalleled cures it is constantly making of woman's many peculiar affections, weaknesses and distressing derangements, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as is amply attested by thousands of unsolicited testimonials contributed by grateful patients who have been cured by it of catarrhal pelvic drains, painful periods, irregularities, prolapsus and other displacements caused by weakness, ulceration of uterus and kindred affections, often after many other advertised medicines and physicians had failed.

Both the above mentioned medicines are wholly made up from the glyceric extracts of native, medicinal roots. The processes employed in their manufacture were original with Dr. Pierce, and they are carried on by skilled chemists and pharmacists with the aid of apparatus and appliances specially designed and built for this purpose. Both medicines are entirely free from alcohol and all other harmful, habit-forming drugs. A full list of their ingredients is printed on each bottle-wrapper.

WHAT IS ROOSEVELTISM?

Washington Post.

It is said that history sometimes amuses as well as teaches, and when in that humor it drops into repetition. It will be remembered that some ten or eleven years ago President McKinley appointed Mr. John A. Kasson—himself a protectionist of fixed principles and one of the ablest supporters of that dogma since George Evans—a commissioner to negotiate reciprocity trade treaties with certain alien people with a view to toning down numerous rigidities of the Dingley tariff schedule and thereby expand our foreign trade.

Mr. Kasson set about the work with zeal and intelligence, and negotiated some twelve or fourteen reciprocities with foreign countries, notably one with France, from which much was expected. President McKinley sent them to the senate and commended their ratification; but the senate, after long and anxious deliberation, concluded that it was possible that Mr. McKinley understood Mr. Kasson's work, but that it was unthinkable that he could approve it, though there was the message urging the ratification of the work before them.

The other day the Republican party met in national convention at Chicago, made a national platform, and named a national ticket. Mr. Roosevelt pronounced it a very good platform and an excellent ticket; but here are democratic magnates who insist that the platform is a retreat from and a rebuke of Roosevelt, which is as much as to say that Roosevelt is densely ignorant of what Rooseveltism is. They also insinuate that when they hold their powwow at Denver they intend to make a real Roosevelt platform and nominate a real Roosevelt ticket, and that if the President has any appetite for Rooseveltism he now knows where to get it. He has but to await the work—the real stuff—at Denver.

Nevertheless, we are of the opinion that Theodore Roosevelt is a very good judge of Rooseveltism, and intends to stick to the Chicago brand; and the middle west, where the fight is to be, is pretty apt to get Mr. Roosevelt's opinion of the rival platforms and tickets and then vote the ticket Mr. Roosevelt recommends.

JAIL AT SHANGHAI.

At the moment the legal minds of the United States court are troubled over more than one knotty point, and among their hard problems is one presented by the American jail. Some time ago, it may be remembered, two men, Bishop and Gould, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment each, and since then they have been confined in what does duty for a jail at the rear of the American consular buildings. The practice of allowing prisoners out for exercise under supervision has been discontinued, and now the only exercise these men can enjoy is a walk in the cramped passage running along the back of the prison. Under these conditions, it is recognized by the authorities that it is almost impossible for them to keep the prisoners in such close confinement for the term mentioned. It was originally intended when the men were convicted that they should be removed to San Quentin, Cal., in company with any others who might find themselves in similar circumstances in the meanwhile; but now a hitch has occurred. An appeal has been intimated in the case of these two men—though whether it will be taken is a question—and it is stated that should the men be removed and the appeal sustained the United States government will be under the necessity of sending them back to Shanghai in order that they may be released. Like the rest of United States extraterritorial law, the right of removal is somewhat hazy, and thus the authorities are faced with the keeping of prisoners in a place too small to be healthy or having another of their legal rulings smashed up.—Shanghai Mercury.

PRISONERS' DODGES.

The employment of foreign substances to help in simulating disease is common in prisons. Lime scraped from the cell wall or the surface of an old brick has been used to aggravate sores or produce inflammation of the eyes. But simple acting has been practised with amazing perseverance and complete success. The late Major Arthur Griffiths, who knew as much of prisoners' ways as any one in the service of that department of the Home office and had had thousands under his control, gave an account of a deception practiced at Dartmoor by a convict who was supposed to have the bones of his foot diseased. It was found, after long and careful examination, that there were two large needles, bound round with thread, imbedded in an old wound about the instep. When these had been removed he recovered.—Dundee Advertiser.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A STATESMAN AND A CRISIS

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 19 Is, "Samuel Warns Saul and His People." 1 Sam. 12.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A great statesman is a national treasure. When one dies we fly all flags at half-mast; the burning of a city is less of a disaster than the loss of a single statesman. Everybody sees that the need of the hour, nationally, is for fewer wind-blown politicians, concerned primarily for their own place at the public crib; and for an increase of the number of real statesmen, whose only good is the common good; men wise in counsel, brave in rebuke and steadfast in service.

Such a man must be more than a lawmaker; he should be a teacher, a prophet, even as was old Samuel, whose farewell address to Israel constitutes the day's Sunday school lesson. The pertinency of this passage will be missed except it be applied to present-day patriotism. Well for the nation whose youth catch a glimpse of the grandeur and greatness of a life devoted wholly to the public welfare.

The old pessimist and the young optimist are common enough; it is only occasionally that we see a venerable figure, standing as Samuel stood, between two eras, and showing sympathy for both. He was a young old man. In him the past and the future met. Clear-eyed to the mistakes of the people, he yet also had a vision of the future possibilities of the nation. He knew that forms and methods were merely adventitious; the underlying principle was the thing. Despite the political clamor of the day, we know that it is not parties and policies that make a nation great, but the fundamental principles which reveal character.

An Old Man's Challenge.

Graft is the peculiar temptation of the officeholder. Great graft or petty graft, "crooked" graft or "honest graft," as a New York politician phrases it, lures the man in a public position. A clerk in one of the congressional committees at Washington said to me the other day: "When I found that I could have writing paper and pens and pencils and ink and rulers and penknives, and all that sort of thing, simply by asking for them, I took a basketful home. My roommate saw them and said: 'So you are beginning to graft already, are you?' Suddenly I realized that I was nothing but a grafter, whatever my technical right to the articles, and I carried them all back. That cured me." In all such subtle and insidious ways comes the temptation to make personal profit out of office; and it is not every man who can lift up clean hands at the end of an officeholding term.

Samuel could. As the people were assembled at Gilgal to honor their new king, Samuel directed attention to his own life. It had been an open book since childhood. He called on them to bear witness that he had never received so much as a bribe at their hands. In the ears of the people he challenged them to bring aught against him. But they could not. A peerless reward it was to stand at the close of a long life and to know that it had been clean. Samuel could appeal to his past.

Many men cannot. A New York magistrate has lately been figuring in the newspapers on the charge of bribing a reporter. There was a chapter in his past which he wanted the world never to know: for himself, he could not forget it. It haunted him day and night, and he declared life was not life under such a strain. The terror of possible exposure kept him in torment; he would give literally all that he possessed, as would thousands of other men, could that past be wiped out or lived over again. Little do young people dream of the shadow they are forging for themselves when they turn to folly and sin; they have lost the precious privilege of appealing to their past. Forever their peace is marred by the knowledge of this dark closet with its skeleton. That person is successful who has achieved a clean life, and the day will come when he will prize his record above all the millions of the richest man he knows.

The Message of History.

The grand old man of Israel, one of the few unspotted characters even in the Bible record, having vindicated his right to speak disinterestedly, went on to point out the lesson of history to Israel, and the truth for the times. They, like us, had been trying to improve on old fashions. They had secured a strapping big king, a handsome, brave and modest fellow. We have taken unto us a wonderful amount of new machinery and new methods. In worldly wisdom and "smartness," in population and circumstance and show, in enterprise and resourcefulness we are lacking little. But like Israel, we need a fresh grip upon the old, old truths which alone make nations great. The cardinal principles of personal probity and national integrity must be stressed today with fresh force. As Richard Watson Gilder sings in a song of present-day patriotism,

"Do thy part
Here in the living day, as did the great
Who made old days immortal! So shall men,
Gazing long back to this far-looming
Say: 'That's the time when men were truly men:
Serving the state anew by virtuous lives:
Guarding the country's honor as their own,
And their own as their country's and their sons';
Defying leagued fraud with single truth;
Not fearing loss, and daring to be pure.'"

The prophet who taught Israel the great lesson of loyalty to Jehovah was Samuel, who was God's chosen representative. A significant fact about our own day is that the prophets are not preachers. The men whose voice has been heard over the whole land have not spoken from pulpits, but from political platforms and from public offices. Statesmen, not preachers, belonged to men in civil life, and they have not spoken on a "Thus saith the Lord" basis. Are the preachers no longer to be the nation's prophets? Where are the men of God, whose clear, unequivocal, heaven-laden words shall help recall the people to their duties to the state, as well as to Jehovah? Has the church no message for the times?

A Sensational Sermon.

No sermon worth preaching which does not awaken a sensation; Samuel's stern words to Israel broke the people in twain. They saw clearly their defection from God, and that their only hope of national greatness lay in being right with Jehovah. Samuel had not feared to enunciate the terrors of the law as well as the hope of godliness; this old world is not going to be set straight by sweet and pious sermonettes that have been sprinkled with rose water. A noticeable trend of the thought of today would make God merely an impersonal All-Spirit, composed chiefly of Us; whereas this wicked old world, with its perpetual slant toward the mud, needs to be reminded that the God whose other name is Love, is also—must necessarily be if He have any character at all—a just Judge.

Scared, Samuel's hearers cried aloud for mercy. They sought the prayers in their behalf of this noble leader whom they had rejected. He comforted them by the promise that if they would be true to Jehovah all would be well. Then he added that majestic sentence, so fraught with suggestion to all who would fill the office of friendship, "As for me, far be it from me that I should sin against Jehovah in ceasing to pray for you." Friend owes it to friend, patriot owes it to country, and Christian owes it to God, to fail not in intercessory prayer.

The lesson story expresses the threefold message that everyone owes to his time, like Samuel, a great life, a great message, and a great prayer.

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

London Globe.

The apple is such common fruit, says a medical writer, that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of apples are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come even to a delicate system by the eating of the ripe and juicy apple before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruit. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all; the apple prevents indigestion and throat diseases.

Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will somebody please give me a recipe for removing freckles?—W., Greensburg, Ky.

I would be pleased to receive from some member of the Farmstead family information in regard to the California fig. Is it the same as the Smyrna fig, and does it require insects to fructify it?—G., Farmington, Cal.

I have been having trouble with my incubator recently, and wish to obtain an opinion

Syrup of Figs
and Elixir of Senna
Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
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SINGING ROYALTIES

Who Have Condescended to Perform in Public.

Princess Christian and daughter, Princess Victoria, are both prominent and regular members of the Windsor choir society, and have several times sung in public at its performances in Windsor. Indeed, the popularization of glee singing, which has amounted to a musical revolution in England of late years, interests this royal family immensely, and it will be remembered that the queen attended the concert given by the Blackpool Glee and Madrigal society at the Queen's Hall some little time ago, and one of the Welsh airs was specially commanded to be sung at Windsor Castle.

King Edward has only been known singing in public once, and that occasion was only semi-public, so to speak, for it was on the occasion of a "wine" given by the 'varsity in his undergraduate days. He chose the long-forgotten Dimnetal ballad Ever of Thee, and it is recorded that he had a most boisterous hearing, which any one who has had the experience of such an occasion will well understand. They are not disrespecters of persons at the 'varsity.

The present heir-apparent might have made quite a name for himself as a singer of comic songs. Being a sailor by profession, his taste run toward the rollicking type of ditty, and during his cadetship he won great fame among his messmates for his skill in that direction. When a mere child during his famous trip round the world on the Blacchante, no concert on shipboard was considered complete without Prince George's contribution, and perhaps his most popular song was that old-time pantomime air "Champagne Charlie Is My Name.

His young and promising son, who, if he is spared, may some day occupy his grandfather's throne as the Seventh Edward, is early following in his father's steps, for he made his first public appearance as a vocalist at the age of 13 at a concert at the Naval College at Osborne. It is said that ere he began to sing he said, with the pleasant bonhomie which is characteristic of British royalty, and especially when they happen to be sailors as well: "Now you fellows all join in the chorus."

Young Prince Edward's choice of a song was none other than that which is dear to the heart of Cumberland and Westmorland men, the famous John Peel. It is a remarkable fact, but it may account for the young prince's choice, that this hunting song with its rattling chorus was always sung by the Eton boys at all great affairs at Windsor Castle, and the college band has played it for Queen Victoria many a time. Whether Prince George has ever heard it there or not, it is certain that his father has many a time, and has passed on the traditional liking for it to his son.

The king's brother, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, better known by his earlier title of Duke of Edinburgh, was never known to sing in public, but was an extraordinarily fine executant on the violin, and has many a time given brilliant display of his skill in public. He was probably the most musical member of the royal family, and he and the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, W. S. Gilbert's famous collaborateur, were the closest friends. Although the prince never sang in public, he frequently tried Sullivan's music on the composer's flat in Victoria Street.

Of the royal princesses, Queen Maud of Norway has probably the best voice, and she takes great interest in Norse folk-songs of her adopted country. The Princess of Wales often charms the town family circle by singing to her own accompaniment on the pianoforte. But undoubtedly the daughter of our own king's sister, Princess Alice, the beautiful and the unfortunate consort of the czar of Russia, is the finest royal vocalist in the world. Were it not that she is the empress of Russia she might have made a world-wide name for herself as a singer, and at least once has she sung in public on behalf of a Russian charity.—Tit-Bits.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

In one of his lectures in Chautauqua many years ago, J. Stanley Hall, the lecturer, told a Russian legend that takes a splendid parable for our own time.

A peasant died, and asked the heavenly guide for admittance to heaven. "Can you think of any good you have done?" asked the angel.

The peasant had led a selfish, sordid life, but after much thought he recalled the only kind thing he had ever done, and answered, "I once gave a carrot to a hungry woman." "Look for it," said the angel. The peasant looked up, and saw that there was lowered to him from the heavenly battlements the carrot that he had given in kindness. He grasped it, and was slowly drawn up. But as he went another poor soul held to his feet, and by another, and looking down he saw a vast number of clinging people being drawn up with him. He feared the carrot would not hold them, and kicking down he shouted, "Let go, it is my carrot," and at that moment the carrot broke and let him fall to the ground.

The only virtue that will stand the test of life is the virtue which is given freely and constantly. The young girl wishes to impress the people she likes by her sweetness and modesty. She can not do it unless she has sweetness and courtesy to all, and thus makes it a part of her nature. As soon as one begins to use the fair things of life lavishly, "the pot breaks."

We can get to any good thing only as we take others with us. We need not be afraid that our kindness and thoughtfulness may be exhausted in sharing. For heavenly grace is given to us as these things increase as we give them.

The more people that hold on to the carrot," the stronger it will become.

A TEAM.

Suffragette—"I'm weary of being a single girl."

Sufferer—"Well, don't you know a fellow who's tired of being a spinster?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

MRS. GRUNDY.

I have frequently heard persons make use of the name "Mrs. Grundy." What does it signify?—G. M. W., Echo, Ore.

Mrs. Grundy is a personage constantly appealed to in the phrase, "But what will Mrs. Grundy say?" in Morton's play, Speed the Plough (1800.) She never appears, however, among the dramatis personae. Since the above date the phrase has come to stand for the judgment of society in general upon actions or conduct.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Will you please tell through the Question Bureau all you can about the Panama canal?—G. K., Orwa, W. Va.

Not many months have elapsed since we gave in these columns a sketch of the Panama canal from its early conception to the present time. Not gratifying to have repeat answers, but it is often done for the benefit of many thousands of new subscribers. The Panama canal is an interesting topic just now, however, and we would advise readers to preserve the facts we print.

As early as 1550 a Portuguese navigator, Antonio Galvao, brought to the attention of the king of Spain a plan to cut a canal through the isthmus of Panama, but for political reasons the project was suppressed, and the death penalty was attached to any attempt to reopen the matter. A canal at Nicaragu was suggested by Nelson in 1780, and in 1804 Humboldt mapped five routes, one of them between Chagres, near Colon, and Panama. Spain had determined to begin work when the country was taken from her control in 1821 by the independence of New Granada, Guatemala and San Salvdor, and Honduras tried to interest Louis Philippe in canal in 1844, but was unsuccessful. The discovery of gold in California in 1849 renewed interest in trans-isthmian commerce, and six years later the railroad between Chagres and Panama was built. Between 1870 and 1875 an American commission examined the routes proposed and declared in favor of a canal through Nicaragua. The investigation was renewed with greater care upon the suggestion of the International Congress of Geographical Sciences, which met in Paris in 1875. From the end of 1876 to the spring of 1879 a French commission made careful surveys in the isthmus. Acting upon these in 1879, an international congress, meeting in Paris and convened by Ferdinand de Lesseps, decided that the best route for a canal was from the Bay of Limon to the Gulf of Panama, and that the canal should be a tide-water canal. Almost ten years before the meeting of that congress, Bonaparte Wyse, head of the French commission, had received from Colombia permission to build the canal. This commission he had immediately transferred to de Lesseps, who at the second attempt managed the first Panama company. The expense was great, and it was necessary to issue loan after loan, until, in 1888, the French public refused to buy anywhere near the total amount of stock offered. February 4, 1889, the company was declared insolvent and a receiver was appointed. A commission, which visited the isthmus in 1890, reported that a canal with locks could be finished in eight years at an expense of $180,000,000. There had been rumors of mismanagement even before the dissolution of the company, and June 11, 1891, an investigation into the affairs of the company was ordered. It lasted 17 months, and was followed by another from November, 1892, to June 1893, and a third from June, 1897, to July, 1898. Bribery, corruption and maladministration were revealed. However, the case was mixed in politics and involved so many high places that justice was never done; but apparently great injustice was done to de Lesseps and son, who were convicted in 1893 of misappropriation of funds, sentenced to fine and imprisonment, but never punished. After this there were occasional spasmodic attempts to carry on canal work, for the most part to come up to the requirements of repeated renewals and extensions of time from the Colombian government, but the end of French activity on the Panama canal had come, save on a small scale.

The Spanish-American war aroused the interest in America in an interoceanic waterway. Going on the results of the commission which had reported in 1876 attention was turned to the Nicaragua project, the Panama canal seeming out of the question. A new commission appointed by President McKinley in 1899 also reported in favor of the Nicaragua route, being induced to do so by the prohibitive price first set by the French company on its franchise and property in Panama. But a supplementary report in favor of the Panama canal followed the offer of the French company to sell for $40,000,000, the valuation set by the American commissioners. Both houses of congress had previously shown their inclination to vote for the Nicaragua scheme, and in the senate, particularly its adherents, under the leadership of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, chairman of the senate committee on canals, seemed pledged to that route. The senate, however, was lead over by the efforts of Senator Hanna, who had become interested in the Panama scheme, it is said, by the efforts of Philippe Bunau Varilla, one of the de Lesseps engineers, and now minister of the republic of Panama to the United States. The house of representatives was brought over by the compromise measure called the Spooner act, which was passed in January, 1903. It authorized the President to carry through such negotiations with Colombia as would insure the digging of the canal along the route originally recommended. The title of the French company was first investigated, and the United States accepted the offer of the company to sell out for $40,000,000 on the condition that terms could be made with Colombia. The Hay-Herran treaty was signed by representatives of the two governments after long delay; was sent to the senate for ratification in January, 1903; was successfully opposed by Senator Morgan and his followers through the session of the 57th congress; and was passed upon favorably March 18, in special session, after a debate lasting a fortnight. This treaty arranged for the payment of $10,000,000 for the concessions, a payment of $250,000 per annum beginning in the tenth year after the ratification of the treaty, and in return a lease of the canal for 100 years, at the pleasure of the United States. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty had previously been revoked and superseded by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901, so that Great Britain allowed the United States to build and police the canal alone. But this did not remove all obstacles for the Colombia congress now refused to ratify the treaty which had been signed by its representatives in Washington. This obstacle was removed November 3, 1903, by the declaration of the independence of the republic of Panama, which immediately sent one member of its provisional junta to Washington, where, November 18, the Hay-Varilla treaty was signed. This treaty was ratified in Panama December 2, 1903.

Article 2 of the treaty between the United States and republic of Panama, ratified by the United States February 23, 1904, in effect February 26, 1904, provided for the cession, in perpetuity, by Panama, of a strip of territory adjacent to the canal, as follows: The zone of land and land under water for a width of ten miles, extending to the distance of five miles on each side of center of the route, to begin in the Caribbean seat, three marine miles from the low water mark, and extending to and across the isthmus of Panama into the Pacific ocean to a distance of three marine miles from mean low water mark, with the proviso that the cities of Panama and Colon, and the harbors adjacent to said cities, which are included within the boundaries of the zone described, shall not be included within the grant.

Not until June 21, 1906, was it decided whether the proposed canal should be a lock or sea-level, the senate at that time deciding in favor of the former. The engineers in charge of the work estimate that the lock canal will cost $140,000,000 and will require eight years to complete, while a sea-level canal, the engineers agreed, would cost not less than $272,000,000, and would require at least twelve and possibly twenty to complete. Following is an authorized detailed description of the canal by the commissioners:

The general type of canal proposed is to form a summit level about 85 feet above the sea, which is to be reached by a flight of locks located at Gotun on the Atlantic side, and by one lock at Pedro Miguel, with two others at La Boca, on the Pacific side; the locks are all to be in duplicate. The summit level will be formed by the construction of a large dam at Gotun, and a small one at Pedro Miguel. A second lake, with a surface elevation of 55 feet, will be formed on the Pacific side between Pedro Miguel and Panama bay by the construction of a dam at La Boca, across the mouth of the Rio Grande, and another dam between Sosa Hill and high ground near Corozal. The Colon section is from the Caribbean sea to the mouth of the Mindi river, where a channel is to be excavated, having a bottom width of 500 feet and a depth of 42 feet below mean tide. The Gotun locks are to be built in duplicate—that is there are to be two sets of locks, side by side. The lift will be overcome by a flight of three locks of 28 1-3 feet ordinary lift each, or a flight of two locks of 42½ feet lift each. Neither the details of their construction nor their exact location has yet been definitely fixed.

The area of Gotun dam will be about 110 square miles. It will have a height of about 135 feet above sea-level. The width on top is to be 100 feet. Its length will be about 7,700 feet, and the width at the bottom about 2,625 feet. From the Gotun locks to San Pablo, a distance of about 15¼ miles, the width of the channel will be at least 1,000 feet. The depth is to be 45 feet. Further up the lake the width of the channel will be decreased, first to 800 feet for a distance of 3.86 miles, from near San Pablo to Juan Grande; then to 500 feet from Juan Grande to Obispo, a distance of 3.73 miles; then to 300 feet from Obispo to Las Cascades a distance of 1.55 miles, where will begin the Culebra cut. From Las Cascades to near Paraiso, known as the Culebra cut section, a distance of 4.7 miles, the width of the canal will be 200 feet. This is the heaviest portion of the work. From near Paraiso, the end of the Culebra cut, to the Pedro Miguel locks, a distance of 1.88 miles, the canal will have a width of 300 feet. The Pedro Miguel lock will have a lift of 30 feet. It will be in duplicate, and will have approach walls constructed at each end. The details of the lock have not yet been determined. From Pedro Miguel lock the channel will have a width of 500 feet for a distance of 1.87 miles. It will then increase to 1,000 or more for a distance of 3.61 miles to near Sora Hill, on the shore of Panama bay, where the Sora locks will be located. From Sora locks to deep water in the Panama bay, a distance of about four miles, the channel is to have a depth of 50 feet below mean tide. The mean rise and fall of the tide is about 15 feet, but it may reach as much as 22 feet.

April 1, 1907, the President placed the work of constructing the canal in charge of the engineer officers of the army, appointing Lieutenant Colonel George W. Goethals chairman of the isthmian canal commission and chief engineer. More than sixty steam shovels are now at work on the big ditch, and more will be brought into service soon. Up to June 30, 1907, the canal expenditure amounted to $100,489,816.11. Approximately $40,000,000 will be expended during the year 1908 in the work of construction.

CLIMATE OF OREGON.

Editor Question Bureau: In an answer recently regarding the climate of western Oregon and Washington you state that the rainfall is excessive, ranging as high as 140 inches in a year. This is a mistake, as the rainfall on the coast is rarely more than 75 inches a year. In the valley system it averages 14 inches, and the plateau region receives still less. Corn grows abundantly and ripens in the coast counties in Oregon.—R. F. G., Myrtle Point, Ore.

U. S. POSTOFFICES.

Will the Question Bureau please tell when the postoffice was inaugurated in the United States?—E. C., Fairgrove, Mich.

The first organized system of postoffices in the United States was established by the English parliament in 1710, when a general letter office was opened in London, and in Boston, New York and others in each colony. We cannot give you the number of employes in the postal service at the present time.

THE OPIUM INDUSTRY.

What about the present status of the opium industry in India and China? Is there as much opium manufactured there now as there was, say five years ago? About how much opium is imported by the United States annually?—J. H. G., Cisco, Ill.

India is the source from which China has always derived its opium, and so far as we are able to find there have been no recent great changes in the industry. The drug is a government monopoly in India, and the revenue derived from its growth has risen to about $45,000,000 annually. The imports of opium into Great Britain average 600,000 to 700,000 pounds annually. This is chiefly re-exported—about 140,000 pounds to the United States. This country imports about 600,000 pounds of crude opium, and from 45,000 to 75,000 pounds of opium prepared for smoking.

Upward of 300 persons are engaged in the business of opium smuggling on the Pacific coast and along the Canadian border, and it is estimated that opium to the value of $2,000,000 is annually smuggled into the United States.

JOSEPH SMITH, PROPHET.

Will the Question Bureau please give the age of Joseph Smith, the Mormon, when he started the Mormon doctrine, and his age when he had his first vision?—M. A. F., Shawmut, Mass.

Smith was born in 1805. It was in 1830 that he formed the Mormon sect. As to his vision, we cannot be exact. It was in 1823 that, alleging that he was led by the inspiration of an angel who had appeared to him, he discovered golden plates on which the records of Mormon was inscribed.

"FEW DIE AND NONE RESIGN."

Will the editor of Question Bureau please tell us who is the author of the phrase, "Few die and none resign?"—W. T. S., Point Pleasant, Pa.

Thomas Jefferson.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURE.

Will the Question Bureau please tell us something about the process of manufacturing plate glass?—J. H. T., Mountainburg, Ark.

The building for the manufacture of plate glass is usually of very large size. In the center is the square melting furnace, with openings on two parallel sides for working purposes, while along two sides of the building are arranged annealing ovens, which are sometimes 20x30 feet in order to receive the immense plates that are to be annealed. Two kinds of pots are used; the ordinary one opens at the top for melting the glass, and cisterns or cuvettes in which the molten glass is carried to the casting tables. In France the cuvette is usually of a quadrangular form, with a groove in each of its sides or as in the case of the larger cisterns, in two parallel sides, in which the tongs or iron frames are fitted when the cuvette is moved. Between each two parts in the furnace are placed, according to their size, one or more cuvettes. In some establishments the cuvette is not now used, the metal being poured from the pot in which it is melted on to the casting table. Sixteen hours is usually allowed for the melting, and the same time for the metal to remain in the cuvette; but the latter term is often extended in order that the acriform bubbles may escape and the excess of soda become volatilized. Toward the last the temperature is allowed to fall, and the glass then acquires the slight degree of viscidity suitable for casting. The molten glass is transferred from the pots into the adjacent cuvettes by means of wrought iron ladles. When the glass is in a proper condition to be cast, the "Tongs Carriage," consisting of two powerful bars of iron united like two scissors blades, and resting upon two wheels, is pushed into the opening made in the furnace, and the cuvette is clamped in the quadrant formed at the extremity of the tongs, two workmen manipulating the handles at the other extremity. The cistern thus taken from the furnace, while filled with molten glass, is placed on another carriage and quickly conveyed to the casting table. This consists of a massive slab, usually of cast iron, supported by a frame, and generally placed at the mouth of the annealing oven. On each side of the table are ribs or bars of metal, which keep the glass within proper limits, and by their height determine the thickness of the plate. A copper or bronze cylinder about a foot in diameter, resting upon these bars, extends across the table. After being heated by hot coals placed upon it, the table is carefully cleaned preparatory to casting. The cistern containing the melted glass is raised from the carriage on which it was brought from the furnace by means of a crane, its outside carefully cleaned, and the glass skimmed with a copper sabre. The cuvette is now swung round over the table, over which a roller covered with cloth is drawn to remove all impurities, and the molten glass poured out in front of the cylinder, which being rolled from one extremity of the table to the other, spreads out the glass in a sheet of uniform breadth and thickness. While the plate is still red hot, about two inches of its end is turned up like a flange, against which an iron rake-like instrument is placed, and the plate is thrust forward into the annealing oven, the temperature of which is that of dull redness. Another plate is now immediately cast upon the hot table, and the annealing oven when filled is closed and left for about five days to cool. The process for smoothing the glass, is rubbing the surface to be smoothed with another surface either of glass or iron, and at the same time applying sand or emery of different degrees of fineness and water between the two impinging surfaces.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

How long did Jesus remain on the cross?—L. E. I., Kibbie, Mich.

We cannot answer your question in hours and minutes. The execution of Jesus took place scarcely later than the middle of the forenoon. He was so far weakened by the suffering of the night and morning that the sufferer fainted under the cross which He was compelled to bear to the place of execution. It is recorded that at mid-afternoon He uttered a cry to God, "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" He then spoke calmly of His thirst and took the drink which a sympathetic bystander pressed to His lips, then commended His spirit to God, and with a loud shout expired. And though death came slowly to the crucified, His case was an exception, for when somewhat later the criminals who had been crucified with Him, received a blow to hasten their death, the soldiers recognized that He was already dead, and yet one of them thrust a spear deep into His side, apparently touching the heart, and on Pilate's inquiry the officer in charge certified to His death. Then, the story tells us, the body was taken down and hurriedly buried it at the close of the day.

BILL NYE.

Will the Question Bureau please give a sketch of Bill Nye, the humorist? When did he die?—R. J., Coleman, Mo.

Edgar Wilson (Bill) Nye was born at Shirley, Me., August 25, 1850. He died February 22, 1896. Of Nye's ancestry it is well to quote what he has said on the subject, as follows: "The Nyes are proverbially reticent about their genealogy. Some of them claim to be of French extraction, and I have a cousin who says he is a descendant of Marshall Ney, that being the spelling of the family name in an early day. I had some curiosity a few years ago, and tried to learn all I could of this matter. I traced our people back to the European police courts and even beyond that, discovering at last, in France, our Coat of Alms, but I lost it from the line where it was hanging last summer."

When Nye was little over two years old his parents moved to St. Croix county, in northern Wisconsin, where the boy received a thorough academical education, after completing which he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. Chance threw in his way a position as reporter on an evening paper in Laramie City, Wyoming. This he held for a year, and then practiced law for some time, being a justice of the peace for six years. He also held other offices, among them that of postmaster of Laramie, his resignation of which, addressed to President Arthur, escaped from official hands at Washington, and finding its way into print, was copied, as he himself declares, "from Japan to South Africa and from Beersheba to a given point." Nye was never enamored of the law, and in the course of time drifted back into journalism, and as a special writer for current humorous literature, became especially successful. At one time his remuneration was but $1 a column, but, as he has told us, "the columns were short and the type large, and he was glad to get the dollar." In association with James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, Nye began in 1885 to give readings from his works, and this partnership proved highly successful. He lectured extensively throughout the United States and Canada, visited Europe, and in the meantime published several volumes of collected sketches. Mr. Nye married on March 7, 1877, Miss Clara Frances Smith, by whom he had two sons and two daughters.

THEODORE PARKER.

Please give a biographical sketch of Theodore Parker.—J. C. M., New Bethlehem, Pa.

The American clergyman, Theodore Parker, was born at Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810, died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. After completing his education and preaching as a candidate he was ordained June 21, 1837, and installed as pastor of the West Roxbury Unitarian church. It was soon noised about that he was not in agreement with the Unitarian position of the time. His frankness had won for him the reproach of "infidel," and many of the clergy had found exchanges of the pulpit with him inconvenient. In his sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," at South Boston, May 19, 1841, Parker denied the special authority of the Bible, the supernatural origin of Christianity and the supernatural and divine mission of Christ. As a result most pulpits were closed against him, and his name was associated with those of leaders of irreligion. His own congregation gave him steadfast support. He did not withdraw from the Unitarian church, and the church never formally expelled him from its ministry, but he was henceforth actually an independent preacher. In 1846 he became pastor at Boston of what he always called the "Twenty-eighth Congregational Society." Services were held until 1852 in the Melodeon, and in 1852-9 in the Music Hall, whose 2,000 seats were generally fully occupied. The regular membership was never large, but all shades of religious dissatisfaction there assembled. He was a champion of anti-slavery reform; he was a leader in the committee of vigilance, received runaway slaves, fought the rendition of such and aided their escape. For several years he was a popular lecturer. Ill health compelled the foreign sojourn, during which he died.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. G. A., Corry, Pa.: Always take the right side of the road when passing another vehicle.

C. E. R., Benton Harbor, Mich.: The Bureau cannot answer your question; would advise you to write to the pension bureau.

S. M. A., Douglas, W. Va.: There is no parcels post law in this country.

M. B. F., Atwater, O.: Municipal bonds are bonds issued by a city government. They are taxable.

WORD ABOUT MATTRESSES

The properties of a hair mattress depend, however, mostly upon the way in which the horsehair is "carded and curled" to give the bed the necessary springiness and at the same time get rid of all the dirt and dust which naturally accumulate around such hair. A woolen mattress, when purchased from a reliable firm, will contain wool of the best possible quality, and the housekeeper should understand that it is anything but economical to purchase an inferior mattress.

The daily treatment of the mattress should consist of a complete airing for at least half an hour, the bed clothes being removed separately and laid over a chair and the bed rail, so that the air may enter between them, says Woman's Life.

On fine days the mattress should be placed near the open window in the sun, otherwise it should be just heaped up upon the bedstead to admit of free air circulation. On warm, sunny days an hour or two spent in the garden in the full light of the sun will make a wonderful difference in the springiness of one's bedding, and therefore, where it is possible, this proceeding should always be indulged in.

"I bought Dona because she was warranted to be a gentle, well-behaved machine and one that was easily driven by a lady. Another reason I bought her was because Jarvis advised against making the purchase. Jarvis has advised me for several years. His most urgent advice has been that I should marry him, but being of an independent nature I decided to live a life of single blessedness, especially as I had arrived at an age where I was quite competent to look after myself. My father and mother had died when I was a child and I was left with property enough to give me a good income. My relatives were few, and they knew me too well to interfere with anything I wanted to do. None ever ventured to give me advice, except Jarvis.

"Of course it was convenient to have Jarvis' advice unless he overdid the matter and grew masterful. That sort of thing no single woman in a position of independence like mine could possibly endure. When I told Jarvis I intended to buy an auto and run it myself he almost commanded me not to, giving as his reason that I should certainly get hurt, if not killed. So of course I bought Dona.

"I never told Jarvis that his predictions influenced me in my decision to buy a second-hand auto. I thought it would be just as good to learn on as a new one and not nearly so expensive in case of a smash-up.

"Dona was a small runabout from a vintage of several years past, but she was just like new, so far as I could see, after she'd had a fresh coat of paint and varnish and her inside arrangements put in order. When Jarvis saw her he laughed and drawled out in his most lordly manner, that I should have made a far better bargain if I'd bought an able-bodied wheelbarrow.

"I considered this remark a reflection upon my judgment and an insult to Dona, as I had named her, and I let my resentment be known by keeping a haughty silence, at which Jarvis sighed, 'Oh Peggy, won't you ever be good and let me take care of you?'

"'I've said no several times to that question,' I told him. 'You know as well as I do I never shall be ordered about by a man.'

"When I said that sort of thing to Jarvis I always turned my face away so as not to see the sad look in his eyes, but this time he laughed and answered: 'I think you've acquired something that'll order you around in a worse way than a mere man.' This I replied to with a far haughtier silence than the one before.

"I could never remember their names, but it did not take me long to learn how to manage the things that made Dona go ahead, back up, stop, and turn around, and I was soon running Dona alone—that is, when she would permit herself to be run.

"The fascination about Dona was that she was so unexpected. She was freaky and unreliable, and with the many repairs that were necessary to keep her in good health and her inordinate appetite for gasoline, her support became quite an item. When she was in the mood to go she had a very peculiar motion. It was sort of a jump up and come down that was quite exciting. It was fairly good exercise, too.

"In the beginning of the era of Dona, my friends were delighted when I invited them to go out for a ride. Dona usually acted in a docile manner when we were alone but when I had company she behaved her worst. I finally learned not to go out of reach of a telephone. To tell the truth I often found it needful to ask advice of Jarvis when Dona got stalled and would do nothing but whir her wheels in one spot and waste gallons of gasoline. Still I grew fond of her, though she was the cause of a coldness between Jarvis and me, and in a measure separated me from my friends, as they, like Jarvis, seemed to have a prejudice against her.

"Dona gave me just enough excitement to make life pleasant and she kept me busy wondering what she would do next. She spent considerable time in the garage being repaired. The days she was disabled I visited my friends, and was more often at home to Jarvis. After he was convinced that with me Dona was a tender subject, he seldom abused her, though he withheld his approval. For several weeks after Dona came into my possession we did not do more than trundle about the city and its outskirts, always keeping within easy telephone distance, as I remarked before. Several times a man from the garage had to come to my rescue, and there were a few occasions when Jarvis acted as first aid to the injured. I rather not call upon Jarvis for assistance. There would be a laugh in his eyes, though he kept his face straight and attended strictly to business, but he always managed to get in a warning against the antics of Dona.

"'She'll be guilty of assault and battery yet,' he cautioned, 'do be careful.'

"Dona behaved so well for an entire week that she won my confidence and I decided to take a run in the country to visit a friend who lived about twenty miles away. Jarvis argued strongly against it, but then Jarvis had fallen into a way of opposing me about Dona that was almost beyond bearing.

"'I shall go,' I replied firmly, 'and I shall return to go again when I am so inclined.'

"'I hope to heaven you may,' Jarvis answered, 'but I never feel safe about you when you are out alone with the fractious Dona.'

"His words were a jest, but there was a sound in his voice that made me think for a moment I would give up my plan; then I remembered my determination not to be ruled, so I treated him to another haughty silence.

"Dona was thoroughly overhauled the morning I started on my journey into the country, and when the overhauling was finished, she was pronounced to be in a hale and hearty condition. I did not tell Jarvis what day I had selected for my expedition, so I was spared the remonstrances he would have been sure to utter. It was in the middle of the morning that Dona and I started on a journey that, to me, assumed the aspect of adventure. I was a little suspicious of Dona's seeming good behavior, and was afraid she might be holding back some hitherto unplayed trick, to bring out when I was not expecting her to perform. I borrowed trouble, so far as part of the trip was concerned. Dona went like a bird the full twenty miles, and we arrived at my friend's home, somewhat dusty, but otherwise undamaged. I had Dona's tank filled to the limit, so she should not have lack of gasoline as an excuse for going wrong.

"After a brief but pleasant visit, Dona and I turned toward the homeward way. The country was so beautiful, that the joy of summer got into my veins and made me feel like singing. 'How lovely this old world is,' I thought. 'Here am I, care free and happy, and with sense enough to know it.' If you don't know when you're happy, you miss half the good of it, is what I firmly believe.

"It was thus I was reflecting, when Dona began to run slower and slower. There were strange noises issuing from her interior, which I knew from experience meant trouble. Finally, after a few spasmodic jerks, she stopped entirely. From her symptoms I was fully aware that Dona had stopped to make a long stay and there was nothing I could do to start her. Dona was in the state where she had to be hauled home, or stay out forever.

"We were in a lonely stretch of road, and there were no signs of anyone, either coming or going. I stepped out of the machine and looked under, and inside of her, to see if I could discover what was the matter, but her works were something beyond my understanding, and I began to realize that Jarvis had cause for warning me against the risk I ran in taking chances with Dona. I was not alarmed so long as the daylight lasted, but with the dusk came a storm which let its presence be known by crashes of thunder and zigzags of lightning that cut gashes in the lead colored sky. The rain was a torrent. I sat wet and bedraggled, huddled under Dona's insufficient canopy. When the storm decreased, I climbed down into the muddy road to light Dona's lamps so that we should not be run over. The lamps, in one way, were a protection. In another, I was afraid they were a danger, since they left me exposed to anyone who might come with evil intentions. Taking it altogether, I was in a sorry plight and, if I had not been too old for childish tears, I should have loudly wept my fear and woe.

"The minutes that passed were hours to me, and the hours were stretched into weeks by my distorted imagination.

"'I wish Jarvis were here,' I whimpered, 'it's very, very inconsiderate of him not to come and find me,' I complained, forgetting the fact that I had slipped away without his knowledge.

"No one came. There were no sounds to interrupt the hush of the country night, save the rain's steady downpour.

"'Dona,' I reproached, 'you've played me a shabby trick!'

"Just then I heard the chug, chug of a motor car and saw the lamps shedding a path of light along the black road. I was saved! In my relief and excitement, I stood up and shouted: 'Jarvis! Jarvis!' The thought that it could possibly be some other never entered my mind. Jarvis always had been near when I needed him, and as a matter of course I expected he would always keep to the same practice.

"When the motor drew up in front of Dona, there was Jarvis, covered by a rain coat which glistened with moisture. He peered anxiously through the radiance of the motor lamps to see who was beyond.

"'Peggy, Peggy!' he called; 'are you there?'

"'Oh Jarvis!' I called back in return, 'throw out a life-line and save me from drowning!'

"It was such a relief to have him there. For the first time in my life I wanted nothing so much as not to be independent. I made no resistance when Jarvis gathered me up in his arms and carried me to the other auto. I really believe I must have snuggled, because he held me so close and kissed my ear, no other part of my face being available.

"'Now, will you be good and do as I've asked you more than a hundred times?' he whispered.

"'Yes, Jarvis,' I answered meekly, while my heart sang this song of joy: 'I'm going to be taken care of forever and ever!'

"Jarvis was too anxious about the possible consequences to my health from the drenching I'd had, to waste time in returning. He had brought me a raincoat, and wrapped in this I cared nothing for the weather. Jarvis was the one who hastened, but it did not matter, we were together.

"'Keep close to my side, Peggy, darling,' he urged. 'I want to be sure that at last you've come home.'

"We did not talk much going back, but the little we said counted, and it went too far into our hearts ever to be repeated.

"And this is all of the story, except that Dona was dragged home in disgrace at the end of a rope—yet I love her. Can you guess the reason?"

Simple Story of a Smitten Swain

THE GIRL STUMBLED OVER THE THREE SYLLABLE WORDS IN THE LETTERS.

A certain youth who had been caught in Cupid's net couldn't woo as he Wished because he stuttered. He accordingly hit upon a Bright and Original Idea of winning the object of his Affections by Mail. He accepted a Position in the next town and laid in a supply of Stationery. He also invested in a "Simple Guide to Letter Writing; or, How to Woo and Win Her."

The girl stumbled over the three syllable words in the Letters that began to pour In; those sne could not Understand she Jumped.

When he came she Loved him because he flew so Close to the ground. She could Understand every word he said. But once out of her Sight he was Lost again in the clouds of Rhetoric. He was Grand at a Distance. She couldn't understand his Shortest notes even. The crowning Glory of the Correspondence was when he Laid Bare his Soul and begged her to Walk with him down Life's high way, promising to remove the Brambles before her feet. On the Tempestuous sea of Matrimony, he continued, he would ever Endeavor to steer their tiny Craft from the Cruel Rocks. He begged that she would not keep him in suspense if the Tendrils of her Affections curled in his Direction. She read it Through six times and even then couldn't Boil it down to anything she could hold in her Hand.

Accordingly she consulted a Literary Friend, who had read all of Laura Jean and knew Bertha Clay by Heart, about what he Meant. That one Explained. Instead of trying to Write a Note to Match his, she Adored one called him up over one of those Telephones you have to Feed with nickels and told him Why. Certainly.

After they married the Unfeeling brute sold his Library to a Second hand book man and dropped the Correspondence. Even when the Literary Friend came to visit he refused to Converse in the language in which he had Courted. All she had to prove to Doubters that she married a highly Educated Man was the bundle of old Love letters tied up in blue Ribbons. Now, when he goes off on a Business trip the Lonely Letters he writes her are Souvenir postal Cards.

This simple story teaches that Men are Deceivers ever.

The Cage Making Wife and Her Charm

"HER HUSBAND MAY THEN WISH FOR MORE PEACE AND LESS PERFECTION."

Leigh Hunt has declared that the most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the everyday moments of existence. It is true.

Many an author, many a gentleman of Wall street, politician and brilliant journalist has a good wife and the culinary department to thank for his success. It is mostly what we eat in this life and environment that moulds our thoughts.

More men have been made by good wives and good homes than were ever made by Providence.

A financier of international fame remarked to me the other day, "My success is due to my wife, to my cook and my home."

From this point of view the sweet girl graduates may take pride in being good cooks, while as regards the women of the working class hardly anything drives a man to drink so much as bad cooking and irregular meals.

We can many of us write, give pleasure by music and other brilliant attainments, but few of us know how to really, scientifically, keep house—which means to make home the most delightful spot on earth.

That is the thing that counts in the long run—which can be applied to everyday existence—for I suppose that matrimony, like death, is something we must all come to sooner or later.

Do you see that the world is all awry, and have a secret longing to set it right, and think you will go down with the heathen? Don't do it. Don't take the slump, either. Learn to keep house. If you would be a level headed woman; if you would have correct instincts and profound views, and that most subtle, graceful and irresistible of all things, womanly attraction; if you would make your accomplishments tell and would add to them character and force and life; if you would be a woman of genuine power and queen over the realm, learn to keep house thoroughly and practically.

It is the family, the home—these relations that dictate and control all others. There is nothing from which this world is suffering so much today as for want of thorough home making.

But the cage making wife is much more than a good cook and a good housekeeper. Indeed, it is possible for a wife to be too particular about such things. When such is the case she becomes cranky and grumbles about every little dust and disorder which the ordinary mortal does not see, just as a fine musician is pained and made distracted by a slight discord not noticed by less trained ears. Her husband may then doubtless wish for more peace and less perfection.

A woman should learn to know when to change her role of housewife to that of a loving and congenial companion of her husband. She should be able to discuss with him the particular political, or social problems that are to him of vital interest—and she should keep up with all the news of the day.

The married man must have been blessed with a cage making wife who defined woman as "an essay on goodness and grace, in one volume, elegantly bound." Although it may seem a little expensive, every man should have a copy.

BUGABOO OF A PRESIDENTIAL YEAR

There is a time-honored idea that

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 202,000

There is one good thing about a cucumber, it is always just about what it seems.

Mr. Bryan says he wants but one term, but no man ever wanted one worse than he.

While the duma cheered the czar the other day, it did not attempt to break any records.

The split in the directoire gown is no worse than what has happened to the Democratic party.

It will do the Democratic party no good to turn the clock back on the night of November 3.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Taft will poll a large disgruntled Democratic vote in November.

Vociferous cheering will never elect Mr. Bryan to the presidency. That was tried in 1896 and 1900.

Advice for hot weather: Don't let your whiskers grow till Bryan is elected president of this glorious country.

The farm crops are growing beautifully, the news from Denver having had no apparent effect on them.

Many a husband would feel flattered to have his wife sue for $50,000 damages for the loss of his affections.

Commander Peary cannot be seriously blamed for going away in search of the pole before the campaign opens.

As a twice-defeated candidate for office Mr. Kern should not feel lonesome on the ticket with Mr. Bryan.

No man ever gets so old that he can't enjoy burying his face in a half-moon of watermelon, like he did when he was a boy.

The agricultural department wants deer raised as a productive industry. But wouldn't that give us a venison trust?

Mr. Rockefeller has another grandchild, but its arrival didn't make him feel good enough to pay that $29,240,000 fine.

If Mr. Bryan stays at home during the campaign he will probably capture the hotel and restaurant vote of Lincoln.

For the third time William Jennings Bryan is in a position to slap the Democratic party on the back and call it a good fellow.

Brooklyn women, who threw stones at a butcher shop, hit a dry goods store. When will women learn not to throw at the object they wish to hit?

At times the noise at the Denver convention was so intense that some of the orators were denied the pleasure of hearing themselves talk.

Any man who has won a prize guessing the number of seeds in a pumpkin thinks he can see the finish of the Gould-De Sagan happiness.

Mr. Bryan estimates that he has addressed 3,000,000 people in the United States. He will never quit, however, while there is one who has escaped.

A Pennsylvania man wants a divorce because his wife pulled him out of bed by his whiskers. Some husbands are entirely too sensitive for their own happiness.

No doubt the airship has come to stay. The simple question of getting it to fly according to the will of the navigator is what remains to be solved.

It is every man to his taste, therefore nobody can have any quarrel with James Whitcomb Riley when he says he would rather be a poet than a politician.

Nineteen billion one hundred and fifty-two million pins were made in this country last year. No wonder every fond mother fears that her baby will swallow one.

Naturally we miss the June brides during the first few days of July, but cherry pie is with us, and somewhere the sweetheart watermelon is ripening in the radiant sunlight.

Looking at a situation from different viewpoints is a political blessing none can deny. A man is a leader when he bosses our party and a boss when he leads the other party.

The simplified spelling board says twenty thousand persons have agreed to adopt the simple spelling. But what of it? There are many times that many persons in the country who can't follow any method correctly.

The airship is coming, no doubt, but it will require considerable time to bring it to a state of perfection where a man can rely on it as a safe mode of travel when he desires to attend the funeral of his wife's rich uncle.

In "Darkest Africa," according to a woman who recently returned from that far-off country, the cannibals sometimes eat their creditors. The idea of eating a nice, plump creditor might occur to some civilized men as a sweetly solemn thought.

A magazine has offered President Roosevelt $1 a word for his literary efforts, but no farmer has tried to hire him to work in the hayfield for $1.75 a day. There are times when even a president's versatility is not appreciated.

TROUBLES OF OHIO DEMOCRATS.

Following their usual custom the Democrats of Ohio enter the campaign this year divided, disgruntled, demoralized and fighting one another with all the frenzy of factional fanatics.

The trouble came to the surface at the state convention. The Johnson and Garber factions "mixed it up" and both won out, while neither was satisfied. A Johnson platform was adopted and a Garber candidate was named for governor. Candidate and platform are as wide apart as the poles.

At the Denver convention the factional war has broken out afresh. Johnson has been deposed as national committeeman and his old enemy, Garber, takes his place. There is blood on the moon and hostilities will be carried into the Ohio campaign.

Basing their hopes of political power on the slim chance of Bryan's election, Johnson and Garber jockeyed for position as Ohio member of the national committee. Each wanted to be near the Democratic throne. In this contest Garber won through his control of the state organization, but the end is not yet. Johnson is not a quitter in politics and Garber will be compelled to face him at every turn.

Ohio Democrats enter the campaign divided into two hostile camps. These factions cannot and will not pull together. On the contrary they will continue fighting each other. To add to the gloomy prospect Candidate Harmon has for a campaign manager, Bill Finley, a man he did not want in the place but was compelled to accept. Harmon is not in touch with the rank and file of his party and his hostility to Bryan in former campaigns is remembered by the followers of the Nebraskan.

Looked at from every standpoint Ohio Democrats are in poor fighting trim to engage in battle with the well organized, well disciplined hosts of Republicanism who are in enthusiastic accord for the election of Taft and Harris and will push the fight in every county in the state.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

In discussing what it terms the land famine of America, the Craftsman declares that the son of the farmer of today must look for his heritage in the land his father holds, as in 1906 there was less than 90,000,000 acres of unoccupied habitable land and one-fourth of it was disposed of in 1907. Irrigation and drainage are the only methods of adding to our agricultural areas, and while these are being employed on a wholesale scale it is no longer true that "Uncle Sam has a farm for every one of us."

But this does not mean that the production of our farms will not continue to increase. Farmers are getting greater returns from their land than ever before, and they will tell you they are yet far from the limit. It has not been so many years since the farmers of this part of Ohio were ambitious to add to their acreage. They worked and planned to get enough money to buy the adjoining farm. Many of them became land poor, that is, they overloaded as is often done on the stock market. They had more land than they could handle and the returns were not satisfactory, because much of the farming was done in a slipshop manner.

The wide-awake, up-to-date farmer will tell you that his success depends not so much on the number of acres he tills as how he tills them. Many agriculturists now make more money from forty acres than their fathers did from a quarter section. There is a scientific cultivation of the soil, an intelligent selection of crops, and the land is carefully treated. The American farmer, to be successful, must be a man of ideas and must know how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

THE GOVERNMENT DEFICIT.

A government deficit of nearly $70,000,000 is shown for the fiscal year. Yet it creates scarcely a ripple. A few years ago it would have caused almost a panic. But the American people have gained in confidence and self-reliance. They have a more intelligent knowledge of their resources, an abiding faith in the stability of the government.

A large part of this deficit can be traced directly to the October panic. Customs receipts have fallen off $46,000,000 and internal revenue $19,000,000. The people are curtailing on luxuries. They are less flush with their money and are watching the corners closer. So, while the government is receiving less in the way of revenue, the citizen is keeping more for himself. But Uncle Sam has not been practicing economy. His disbursements have grown $80,000,000, the total having been exceeded only once—in 1865. Some of it must be charged to the account of the Panama canal, in which all the people have a patriotic interest. Another large slice must be credited to our expansive military policy, and a postal deficit of $15,000,000 can be explained by an expenditure of $25,000,000 for free rural delivery, a branch of the postoffice department popular with every farmer who shares its blessings.

In contemplating the finances of the country, the American people are not so concerned over how much money it takes to run the government as that affairs have been wisely administered. Economy has become a relative term with us. The question is, will the nation receive adequate returns for the money expended? Progress cannot be enjoyed for a farthing. National improvements mean added outlays, and if these improvements make for national development, well and good. This is the standard by which the financial record of the administration will be judged.

BRYAN AND HIS PLATFORM.

William Jennings Bryan will this year for the third time lead the Democratic party to inglorious defeat. His nomination was accomplished at 3:40 o'clock Friday morning, but the official records will show that he was nominated on Thursday, the convention turning back the hands of the clock in order to deceive itself.

It was the expected that happened at Denver. Months ago the country discounted the nomination of Bryan, which culminated four years of clever and unremitting political work. The opposition lacked unity and vitality, and soon wore itself out against the thoroughly organized and disciplined forces of the Nebraskan.

The platform savors strongly of the labor that produced it. Chief interest centers in the anti-injunction plank, which was the cause of prolonged discussion. The purpose of its builders was to meet the demands of Gompers without creating alarm in the ranks of the conservatives. It was an attempt at the impossible. The paragraph containing the meat of the argument reads as follows:

Questions of judicial practice have arisen especially in connection with industrial disputes. We deem that the parties to all judicial proceedings should be treated with rigid impartiality, and that injunctions should not be issued in any case in which injunctions would not be issued if no industrial disputes were involved.

This, it is said, satisfies labor. Yet observe that it does not insist that no injunction in a labor dispute shall be granted without notice, and it was for that Gompers contended. "That injunctions should not be issued in any case in which injunctions would not be issued if no industrial disputes were involved" may sound well to labor, but we question if it will stand analysis.

Publicity of campaign contributions is also given prominence from which one infers that Mr. Bryan planned to make large capital of it during the campaign. The Republican convention turned down a declaration of the same character but since then the national committee has elected for treasurer a citizen of New York who it is claimed will be compelled under the law of that state to keep an accurate record and publish a complete list of all contributions received. Practical compliance with the wishes for the people in this respect will count more that the most solemn of platform declaration.

As to the tariff, the convention declares for immediate revision and accuses the Republican party of political trickery in promising revision right after the inauguration, procrastinating for the purpose of keepng the protected interests in line.

These constitute the predominant features of a long and cunningly devised pronouncement of principles. They ar Mr. Bryan's views expressed for the most part in Mr. Bryan's words, and framed in a way that he hopes will prove a catch-all for votes. As to the accuracy of his judgment in this particular we must wait on the November verdict.

A RAPID RECOVERY.

A few short months ago, the financial centers of the country were complaining of a money stringency. There was a large deficit in the reserves which the New York banks aim to keep on hand above the legal requirement, deposits were at low ebb, and there was apparently no relief in sight.

It seemed as if that subtle human quality which we call confidence had taken flight and left the nation helpless against the attacks of the pessimists.

Many financiers confess their inability to satisfactorily explain the suddenness of the recovery. Nothing like it was ever known before. Millions of money reappeared from the stockings and safety vaults as if by magic, and found its way again into the banks. Heretofore it has been a matter of years before the nation could right itself after weathering a financial gale. Capital, quick to retreat at the first signal of distress, was brought back into the channels of trade only after much coaxing.

But our present experience is of the unusual kind. As far as the supply of money is concerned, the country is already normal. The banks are flushed with currency, so much so that the secretary of the treasury is not even indulging in the annual worry that precedes crop moving. He doesn't anticipate any difficulty in that respect, and is making no especial provision. The government deficit causes no alarm, and it is freely predicted that there will be no occasion for the national banks to avail themselves of the new emergency currency law.

Many reasons have been advanced in explanation of this unexpected turn of affairs, but the most plausible to our mind is that the October flurry was a panic only in a limited sense. Indeed, the quick recovery seems to prove beyond question that the trouble was manufactured for a purpose, and not due to natural conditions. The country was too prosperous to go into hysterics. The farmers had plenty in their granaries and cellars. They were not worrying, and it was their sanity that had much to do with the restoration of order. The alarm in New York was genuine enough, for frightened capital rarely stops to inquire. There was imminent danger of a stampede, but fortunately the equanimity of the country remote from the big centers had a salutary influence in checking the tide.

The experience is valuable, however, in showing the decadence of the purely speculative market as a controlling factor in American finance.

SHERMAN WILL RETIRE.

The decision of James S. Sherman not to retain the chairmanship of the congressional committee is sensible. As the running mate of Judge Taft, Mr. Sherman will be called upon frequently during the campaign to make speeches and give counsel on matters of campaign policy. In view of his recent ill health, it would seem incumbent on him to reserve his strength as much as possible, which means that he should confine his energies to the national ticket.

The chairmanship of the congressional committee entails a vast amount of labor, and while some of it might be intrusted to subordinates, it is essential that the chairman keep in close touch with conditions in every district. Whoever is selected for that important position will receive the benefit of Mr. Sherman's experience, but to relieve the latter of direct responsibility is only fair to him.

THE ANTI-BRYAN NOISE.

Only those who were actually on the ground at the Chicago convention could accurately estimate the strength of the allies, and not one honestly believed at any stage of the proceedings that Judge Taft was in danger of losing the nomination. Still the press agents of the allies were successful in creating everywhere outside of Chicago the impression that their movement was likely to carry the convention off its feet.

In even a lesser degree, we believe, is Mr. Bryan in danger of defeat at Denver. He personally urged his followers in the several states to insist on instructions if they believed in the principles he was advocating. There has been no doubt from the outset that he would control the convention, but his enemies refused to grant him the two-thirds vote required under the party's ridiculous custom. They hoped to influence enough delegates to prevent a choice on the first ballot, and in the prolonged fight that would necessarily follow, to break through Mr. Bryan's lines. But shrewd politicians who are against Bryan are deprecating any such scheme, because they see grave complications growing out of it. They think it wiser to nominate him than to have him on their hands as a martyr in 1912.

So barring unforeseen and unnatural developments, the country can count on Mr. Bryan's nomination and on a Democratic platform fashioned according to his present political views. The men at Denver who are prophesying any other result are whistling to keep up their courage.

Furnishing copy to avid correspondents is a mere incident, meaning nothing.

WEEKLY BLADE RENEWALS.

Beginning August 1st we shall open our campaign for renewals of yearly subscriptions to the Weekly Blade. While August is not a popular month for subscriptions, we must have a beginning, and for some years we have launched plans for a new year at this date. Not long ago our yearly subscription for the month of August was but 810. August, 1906, was 3,158, and the same month last year was 5,299. We give these figures to show how The Blade is growing in favor. The month of January this year brought us 42,968 yearly subscribers, and the total number since last August to now is more than 200,000. One time is as good as another to begin reading The Blade. This remark applies to those who are not now subscribers, and we shall certainly add many thousand new people to our list this season.

Of the 5,299 whose time expires next month, we have great faith that they will all renew for another year. Each one will by the first of the month receive a special proposition from us, too favorable to reject, and it must be accepted during August if at all. Since the presidential campaign will be well on by that time, we expect an unusual demand for The Blade, and we are making preparations to welcome all that may come.

THE PERILOUS BALLOON.

The latest balloon race starting from Chicago failed to establish any new records for distance covered or length of time in the air, but it proved pretty conclusively that fugitive ballooning is fraught with peril. These balloons were not dirigible. By throwing out ballast the aeronaut could increase the elevation, or by opening the gas valve, descend toward the earth. In every other respect he was at the mercy of the air currents.

Several of the balloonists passed through an experience they are not likely soon to forget. One of the gas bags sought rest on the bosom of Lake Michigan, and for a period that seemed all too long for the occupants of the basket was buffeted by the waves. Another became entangled in a barbed wire fence, to the serious injury of the men who were piloting it. There is cause for congratulation that the daring navigators escaped with their lives.

To this wholly unreliable method of air navigation we should much prefer the machine that pays some heed to the rudder as more likely to return one safely to terra firma. True, the dirigible is many miles behind the balloon in distance record, but the time is coming when this discrepancy will be wholly overcome, in view of which it is difficult to understand the practical scientific value of the hazardous trips which balloonists seem ready enough to undertake.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

The Denver convention lacked luminosity. There were oratorical pyrotechnics—skyrockets, Roman candles, pinwheels and colored lights, but no great mine of dazzling, variegated brilliancy was touched off. The reason is simple: The great mine was not there to be exploded. We refer to Mr. Bryan. His illuminating presence was not on hand to bring about the achievement of a grand climax. And thereby hangs the tale of a lost opportunity.

At one time during the week lovers of the spectacular were thrilled with the captivating hope that the incomparable leader and divine orator would be called to the convention city. A story was sent out to the effect that he would tear himself away from the telephone at Lincoln and fly to Denver to meet an exigency. Imagination can easily draw a picture of his flight. It can see him in his special car, leaning forward in an attitude of encouragement to the puffing iron horse as it eats up the prairie at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and it can see the mighty throng in the convention hall consuming snowballs from the mountain peaks, awaiting the coming of the matchless one, patiently waiting to be electrified and thrilled by the voice that has electrified and thrilled them many a time and can do it again or no questions asked.

At one time during the late civil strife between the north and the south a great general was the inspiration of a poem which will live through the ages. Sheridan at Winchester heard the thunder of cannon and sensed a battle twenty miles away. He rode, rode hard, rode to Cedar Creek, and when he, on his foam-flecked charger, dashed along the line of his demoralized forces there was an immediate rally and re-formation of scattered soldiers. His twenty-mile ride had saved the day.

There was the thunder of opposition at Denver, and Bryan five hundred miles away—poetic approximation—heard it over the long-distance telephone. To meet the exigency, to rally his army and save the day he would make his five hundred mile flight. That was the idea, and it was conceived by a genius, whoever he was. But the exigency didn't arise, and the Bryan presence was not needed in Denver. His generals, captains, lieutenants and his army were equal to all emergencies. Thus it was that Bryan's Ride was lost to poetic literature; and thus it was that the Denver convention was robbed of luminosity. The exigency should have been created for spectacular purposes, but it wasn't. The opportunity was missed; it was lost forever.

OUR TIMBER SUPPLY.

Frederick Weyerhauser, the American lumber king, takes issue with the government experts and others who see an imminent timber famine. He declares that the denudation of the forests has not been anything like as extensive as is claimed, and that there is an ample supply for years to come. But in more specific language he estimates that the demand will exceed the supply within half a century.

Mr. Weyerhauser's statement will not reassure the thoughtful man. Timber growth, especially of the hard woods, is slow. A sugar maple, for instance, does not attain a size suitable for lumber much short of 40 to 50 years. Hickory requires even a longer life. Assuming, then, that Mr. Weyerhauser speaks by the card, it is obvious that the conservation of our present supply and the work of reforestration should begin now. This is the view of the administration and of the large lumber consumers. The President has already taken preliminary measures looking to government action. State authorities have promised hearty co-operation and within the next five years it is believed a systematic program will be under way.

There is no doubt that the life of our present timber supply can be prolonged for several years by the introduction of economical methods. The wanton waste in forests has been enormous. Land owners and timber men seemed to think the supply inexhaustible. Little attention was paid to the ravages of fire and the destruction by this element has been a heavy tax on a great national resource. Likewise there has been little or no restraint on timber cutters who have slashed and hacked without thought for the future.

But conservation alone will not answer the purpose. More trees must be planted. Forests must be grown to take the place of those destroyed and to meet a constantly increasing demand. And this important feature of American economy, according to the most optimistic authority, cannot be undertaken too soon.

BUILDING IN THE CLOUDS.

The people who insist there is a limit of safety to the height of skyscrapers are having another nervous chill over the announcement that the Equitable Life is going to enlarge its building to overtop everything of man's handiwork.

The movement against the high buildings began long ago, or when the skyscraper was introduced to New York. Wise men shook their heads and predicted terrible disasters. If the ground didn't give way beneath the tremendous load, a hurricane would come along and blow the structure into Hell Gate. But the engineers and architects only smiled and plodded on.

There was less talk over the Metropolitan building, with its flagpole 710 feet above the pavement, than there was when the Flatiron building was projected, and the latter is now a dwarf in a forest of high buildings.

The Flatiron was a sort of pioneer, but people had grown accustomed to surprises by the time the dimensions of the Metropolitan were made public.

However, the most daring of engineering problems, the one that will place the roof of the Equitable far above any other roof in New York and give it a flag pole 74 feet higher than on the Eiffel tower, is bound to create talk, even in the blase metropolis. It will make one dizzy to count 62 stories, to say nothing of looking up through 909 feet of space to view the cornice. And a contemplation of the interior requires an active imagination. It will keep a mail carrier pretty busy to deliver letters to all the inhabitants of this great hive, and the census taker who is assigned to the building, after he completes his work, should be fit for a go with Edward Payson Weston.

But although all prophecies as to building limitations have been knocked galleywest, people will continue to speculate just the same, and we are already beginning to wonder who will be the daring property owner to first project the hundred-story structure.

DEATH BY AUTO-SUGGESTION.

A Chicago Russian named Neriza became imbued with the idea that an enemy had poisoned him and that he was dying. He was taken to the hospital, where physicians worked over him in an effort to discover the cause of his illness. No trace of poison could be found and he was sent home, the doctors being firmly convinced that he was merely a victim of hysteria.

A few hours later Neriza was dead, and the physicians, puzzled at first, are forced to the conclusion that the impression of poison became so thoroughly fixed in the man's mind that he suffered the same as he would had a deadly dose been actually administered.

The theory is not a new one. The influence of the mind over the body has been frequently demonstrated. Christian Scientists make use of the fact in their ministrations. Many physicians find it valuable in their practice. There is no question that, in certain forms of disease, the mind can aid or retard recovery, according to whether it is buoyant and hopeful or sluggish and despondent. The patient who combats with his will the disease that has attacked his body has a better chance to live than the man similarly attacked who loses all hope.

Many years ago French scientists received permission from their government to make an experiment in order to determine how far imagination affected the human body. For this purpose a criminal, condemned to die, was turned over to them. In the first place, he was told that instead of being executed by the guillotine, he was to suffer a painless and less humiliating death. All the paraphernalia for the experiment was assembled before him. It included a sharp surgeon's knife, bandages, and a bucket in which to catch the blood. The conversation was of a character to convince the criminal that he was doomed to slowly bleed to death. Finally his arm was bared and the surgeon placed his finger on the exact spot where the incision should be made. Then the man's eyes were bandaged and a dull knife was drawn over the arm. At the same time water of blood temperature flowed over the arm and trickled into the bucket. Not a drop of blood did the man lose, yet he grew weaker and weaker, until finally his heart actually stopped beating. The scientists were satisfied that the man died, not from fright, but from imaginary loss of blood, the mind influencing the vital organs to quit their functions. In the case of the Chicago Russian, the mind conveyed all the symptoms of poisoning.

JOHNSON'S VAIN APPEAL.

It is stated on Democratic authority that Tom L. Johnson, when he discovered that he had been tripped by Harvey Garber, appealed to Mr. Bryan, his argument being that the domination of Garber and Finley in Ohio would lose the state to the Democratic party. It is related by the same authority that Mr. Bryan declined to interfere and said that Mr. Johnson would have to work out his own salvation.

Both statements bear the impress of truth. What more natural than that Mr. Johnson, in the hour of political humiliation, should seek the aid of the man whose influence alone could reverse the verdict, and whose cause he had valiantly upheld from the hour Bryan entered the national arena of politics?

But he should have put his plea on personal grounds. He made a tactical blunder when he traded on the candidate's selfish ambition in so senseless a manner. Bryan may be a trimmer and a demagogue, but he is not foolish. When, therefore, Mr. Johnson suggested that the ascendancy of Garber and Finley would mean the loss of Ohio, he prejudiced his case. Bryan is not to be caught with that chaff. In 1896, and again in 1900, a very few Democratic leaders in Ohio hugged the fond illusion that its electoral vote might be cast for the Nebraskan. And they were so optimistic that even Bryan grew hopeful, only to find that he had been looking at a mirage. He knows now that Buckeye ground has no harvest for him, and so why should he become involved in the quarrels of Garber and Johnson?

CLEAN CANDIDATES; CLEAN CAMPAIGN.

The voters of the country can congratulate themselves that in Secretary Taft and William Jennings Bryan they have men of the highest character for candidates for the presidency.

Secretary Taft has been in public life for 27 years, almost ever since he reached his majority. He has filled many official positions and has been in the public eye year after year. Aside from a splendid record as judge, governor of the Philippines and cabinet officer he has never been the subject of criticism so far as his personal character is concerned. He measures up to the highest standard of the clean, upright American citizen.

While Mr. Bryan has spent but a short time in public office he has been in the limelight continually since his first nomination twelve years ago. During all this time he has been recognized as the leading Democrat of the country. In his extensive travels he has come in contact with the American people, has spoken in almost every city in the country, and is, without doubt, the best known private citizen of the republic.

Men may not and many do not, agree with Mr. Bryan in his views on governmental affairs, but all agree that his private life and personal habits are without blemish. He stands before the voters, in this respect, with a clear record.

So far as clean lives are concerned the two candidates are on an equal footing, and it is gratifying to know that whichever is elected the country will have a chief magistrate who is a clean and honorable man and against whom, in this respect, the finger of scorn and slander cannot be pointed.

It is not on personal merits of the candidates that voters must make their choice, but on the difference in the policies which they represent. It is fortunate, indeed, the two parties have named as standard bearers two men having such splendid personal attributes as William Howard Taft and William Jennings Bryan.

PROMOTION FOR ELLIS.

The report from Washington that Wade Ellis, attorney general of Ohio, is to be made assistant attorney general of the United States to succeed Milton Purdy, who is to be elevated to the federal bench, is pleasing to the Republicans of the state. Mr. Ellis has made a good official and in the course of his duties acquired an experience that should be invaluable in his new official relations, for it is understood that he will have charge of the prosecutions instituted under the anti-trust laws.

The Chicago convention proved the means of making Mr. Ellis a national character. Because he incorporated in the Ohio platform a tariff plank which seemed to meet the demand, he was called on to assist in drafting the platform on which the party will go before the people this fall, and here, too, he exhibited a remarkable talent. It is doubtful if any Republican platform has received higher praise than has been accorded the one promulgated last month. It is both tactical and comprehensive, and it possesses a literary quality unusual in political declarations.

The very prominent part taken by Mr. Ellis in the preparation of this platform brought him in close touch with administration officials and it is most natural that they should desire to secure his able services in that department for which he is especially fitted by education and inclination.

HOBSON'S GREATEST FOLLY.

Congressman Hobson committed an inexcusable blunder when he sought to address the Denver convention, and especially on the subject of the navy. His persistent efforts to win support for a sea force larger than that of any other nation have not won him the fame most men crave, for he has sought in his argument to make it appear that we are in constant peril from foreign foes.

As long as Captain Hobson confined himself to his personal opinions, no one felt like having a serious quarrel with him. But when he undertook to gain the attention of the Democratic delegates by quoting President Roosevelt as having said in his presence, "There exists the greatest probability of a war with Japan," he deserved the spirited rebuke measured out to him. If President Roosevelt had given voice to any such remarkable utterance, he certainly didn't intend that it should get to the public ear. And Hobson would stand convicted of the grossest breach of confidence.

However, the President made no such remark, nor even one remotely resembling it. We have this on the authority of Mr. Roosevelt through Secretary Loeb. The Blade expected some such denouement, for it was inconceivable that the President would utter so positive and unguarded a statement in reference to a nation with which we are apparently at least on the most friendly and cordial terms.

This makes Captain Hobson's offense even more serious and one that calls for the severest condemnation. Many who are not in harmony with his campaign for a bigger navy have excused his impetuosity on the plea of over-wrought enthusiasm, but his latest attempt to create a world sensation marks him a national nuisance.

"TOO MUCH ROOSEVELTISM."

In a speech delivered before the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, Senator Foraker spoke well of Judge Taft but ill of business conditions. While most of us imagine we see the evidences of oncoming prosperity, the senator with his clearer vision takes a less hopeful view.

The burden of his complaint is "too much Rooseveltism" and by inference he warns the Republican candidate for president against the peril of following too closely the trail blazed by his distinguished predecessor.

Senator Foraker refers specifically to the Sherman anti-trust law and the Hepburn rate bill with its commodity clause as factors operating to create business uneasiness. He speaks with becoming modesty of his efforts to save the situation by offering an amendment to the commodity clause which would permit railroads to go unmolested as to the industries they now control, but would prohibit them from increasing their interests in this respect. He is less critical than heretofore of the principle embodied in the Hepburn bill, which gives cause to hope that he has heard of the change which has come over the leading railroad men in the country. They no longer regard regulation with terror but are actually advocating it.

Then, too, the senator is concerned lest the proposed tariff revision may keep business on the ragged edge of uncertainty. He almost wishes the party had not committed itself to early revision. Yet what would the people think of the party that remained silent in the face of their urgent demand for revision? That its leaders either were betraying them or were not qualified to revise the tariff. In either case, it would be time to place the authority in other hands. There is no reason on earth why talk of revising the tariff should upset business, more especially if congress had referred the consideration of the schedules to a committee of experts competent to make a scientific revision. The principle of protection to American industries is a fixed part of the national policy and no party dare eliminate it. But there have been complaints that the schedules are discriminating in some particulars, and public opinion is insistent for a readjustment. But it doesn't follow that in the performance of this manifest duty, the industries of the country must be thrown into confusion.

To these especial features of Rooseveltism that disturb the senator's peace of mind Judge Taft is irrevocably committed. Instead of being handicaps, The Blade believes they will be of material help to him in his campaign. They have been considered and approved by the people—and after all, it is the people who must decide the issue.

BANK INSPECTION FUNDS.

The impracticability of legislative bodies is again illustrated in the failure of the Ohio assembly to make adequate appropriation for the enforcement of the Thomas bank inspection law. Only a little more money was provided than is needed to pay the salary of the superintendent, leaving him without means for the maintenance of a corps of competent assistants and for the establishment of suitable headquarters. Therefore he must wait on the disposition of the next legislature before he can organize his force and perform the full duties imposed by the statute.

It is assumed that the legislature, in passing the Thomas law, was actuated by a desire to correct abuses under the old system and was not influenced solely by political sentiment. Hence its failure to provide the necessary funds must be attributed to sheer neglect.

The Georgia peach growers know their business. Georgia peaches, as is well known, are all right, but to add to their deliciousness, pretty girls are engaged to pack them, and the growers have allowed the fact to be heralded to a peach-loving world. What more is there to be said? Unless, perchance, we may be allowed to quote: "Like Proserpine gathering flowers—herself the fairest flower."

AMERICANS ARE HONEST

New York Tribune.

A German manufacturer on his first visit to the United States was the guest of a kinsman in this city. He expressed surprise when, a few days after his arrival, he saw a number of men help themselves to papers at an unattended news stand, where some men laid down the exact price of their purchase, others made change for themselves, and still others walked away without paying. He was told that the last named group were customers who paid only once a week, but that no one ever failed to pay. To demonstrate his contention that "most people are honest in this country" the Americanized German took his visitor that day to a restaurant where both were unknown, and when they had finished their luncheon the host went to the cashier's desk with his check and said he had no money with him, but would pay the next day. The cashier gave the couple a hasty glance and said, "All right; I'll take a chance," and the men started for the street. At the door a right-about-face movement was executed, the check was paid, a good cigar was handed to the cashier, to whom the plot was revealed, and the German exclaimed, "Grossartig!"

VARIETIES

In Ashantee is a tree which furnish butter.

The report of a cannon has been heard 146 miles.

The average depth of English coal mines is 400 feet.

Seventy thousand Americans emigrated to Canada in 1906.

Of the English in India, there are two men to one woman.

The treasures of the Louvre are guarded by watchdogs.

Blankets were first made in England in 1705 by Thomas Blanket.

As a rule, the white flowers are more fragrant than those of other colors.

Marriage of Miss Elkins and Duke D'Abruzzi will take place at Turin in October.

Evidence in a suit against the Leiter estate hints that Lord Curzon quarreled with the other heirs.

Part of the Japanese wedding ceremony is the burning of the discarded toys of the bride.

In Vienna it is necessary for a man to get his wife's consent before he can ascend in a balloon.

The savings banks of Germany have some 19,000,000 pass books out, and their deposits amount to $3,213,000,000.

Burma is making money out of peanut growing. The peanut acreage increased from 3,800 acres in 1901 to 80,000 acres in 1907.

Out of 557,737 persons who left the United Kingdom in 1907, 38,612 went to the United States and 203,357 to British possessions.

President Roosevelt inspects the Atlantic ship Roosevelt and says good-by to Commander Peary, wishing him the luck in his quest for the pole.

Dean Russell, of the University of Wisconsin, has selected Mrs. Scott Bullard to lead the movement for educating pure milk legislation.

More than 300 women physicians attended the annual meeting of the American Medical association, which was recently held in Chicago.

New York is now the clothing center of the United States. Lower Fifth avenue is the center of the cloak and clothes manufacturing industry.

Twenty years ago a German taught the Japanese how to make shell buttons. Now Japan is exporting shell buttons to Germany, France and other countries.

Joseph T. Talbert, Chicago banker, in an address before the Ohio Bankers' association, characterizes the monetary system of the United States as the worst in the world.

Lafayette, Ind., woman who accused student with whom she had eloped of larceny of $12,400, pleads in his behalf in New York police court and is held arrested on statutory charge.

Japan is making an attempt at locomotive construction. As an experiment five engines are being built at the Hitachi railway works. One is complete and in use, giving satisfaction.

The most active years of railroad construction in the United States were in 1882, when 11,569 miles were added to the operated railroads, and in 1887, when the increase was 12,867.

Rev. W. A. Bartlett, of Chicago, to the international convention of congregational ministers in Edinburg, said the liquor interests of the United States are in a vast plot to defeat prohibition.

In Zanzibar island there grows a cocoanut which has only a very thin layer of meat, being entirely filled with milk; this furnishes the native drink, both before and after fermentation.

A municipal pasteur institute, where victims of dogs or other animals who bite to produce rabies can be cured at cost or at the city's expense, is proposed by a Chicago alderman.

For tapping the pavement with a stick to let his sweetheart know where he passed beneath her window, a lawyer's clerk was sentenced to two days in jail as a public nuisance in London.

The government of India has appropriated over $1,000,000 for use in the United Provinces in the way of loans to farmers to enable them to sink wells and improve embankments for irrigation purposes.

Dr. Martha Hughes Cannon, formerly a state senator in Utah, has moved to California and the women of that state expect her to be of great assistance to them in the fight for woman suffrage.

In spite of the fact that the University of Moscow does not admit women students it is to have the first woman professor ever appointed in Russia. Dr. Dontchakova is the woman. She is a graduate of Zurich and is looked upon as an authority on pathology.

Pekin is building a large factory to make window glass, which is largely used in China, and forms one of the principal imports from foreign countries. The capital is Chinese, the machinery British, and Germans will manage the factory. The glass works are at Poshan, province of Shantung, and are a success.

A novel plan is being experimented with in Australia with a view to ridding it of the rabbit plague. So far the plan is producing good results. A newspaper is placed at the mouth of the burrow, and the hole is then stopped with earth. The rabbits are said to be so frightened by the rustle of the paper that they will not approach the spot again, preferring to die in the burrow.

The legislature of Massachusetts has just increased the limit of work for women and children in factories from fifty-four hours a week to fifty hours. After some sharp discussion a proviso was added that the amendment should not go into effect until January 1, 1910. Before that time the club women of the state hope to have the law altered again to the benefit of women and children.

The pearl trade of Bombay has depreciated in value in the last season. It is there that the pearls are first collected by the jewel merchants. Many of them are sent to Paris and London, are purchased there by wealthy Americans, most of whom, however, have bought sparingly this year. Pearls in Paris are now selling at a third of their usual price, and jewelers have countermanded their orders for further consignments from Bombay.

"Banzai!" is the only Japanese word that most Americans know. According to a contributor to Notes and Queries, it is only about fifteen or sixteen years old. Its birthplace was the imperial university of Tokio. It was invented by Dr. Shigeno, one of the highest authorities on Japanese literature, in response to a request for an equivalent to the English "Hurrah." As a way of expressing congratulation "banzai" has traveled all over the world.

A Chicago firm of contractors is about to undertake what is said to be the greatest house moving task on record. The operation is part of the cleaning up work on the site of the new $20,000,000 station of the Northwestern railroad. A five-story brick and steel building, 100 feet wide by 150 feet long, weighing about 10,000 tons, is to be moved a distance of about half a block. The job will cost $100,000 and will require three months. The house is to be rolled along on railroad iron, by means of hand jacks.

Mrs. Florence Kollock Crooker recently celebrated the thirty-second anniversary of her service as a minister of the Universalist church and the fourth anniversary of her pastorate over St. Paul's church, Jamaica Plain, Boston. She is the wife of the Rev. Josiah Crooker. Mrs. Crooker studied theology at St. Lawrence university, being graduated in 1876 and beginning her ministerial work immediately. She has held pastorates in Englewood, a suburb of Chicago, and in Pasadena, Cal.

Grant was graduated in the class of 1843 at West Point—number 21 in a class of 30. General William B. Franklin graduated at the head of the class. It may be interesting, in this connection to note how other great generals stood in their class. Sherman was number 6 among 42 graduates; Sheridan, number 34 in a class of 42; Virginian Thomas, number 12 among his classmates; Meade, number 19 in a class of 56; Hooker, number 29 among his comrades; Stonewall Jackson, number 17 in a class of 50; Longstreet, Georgia, number 60 in a class of 63. Hancock, number 18 among 25 graduates.

Radium is still puzzling the French scientists. The latest conundrum is: "Where does it come from?" One scientist says that radium comes to us from the sun in some form of emanation. He does not believe it to be something inherent in certain earth-born substances, such as the pitchblende from which it was first extracted. He thinks that it comes to earth continually in infinitesimal quantities in every ray of light, so to speak, that reaches us from the solor orb. Certain accounts, he says, in a measure favor the traces of radium being continually discovered in all sorts of things, gases and mineral alike.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2480—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist. A suitable model for any one of the washable materials as well as China or taffetas. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2459—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with or without back yoke facing. A model adaptable to heavy linen and madras, and a great favorite with the woman fond of the strictly tailored style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2466—Child's Empire Dress, with high or or Dutch neck. This pretty little model is developed in Persian lawn, nainsook or plain or embroidered batiste trimmed with lace beading and edging to match. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2460—Girl's Dress, with Dutch neck and elbow sleeves. A pretty style for the everyday frock of chambray or linen. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2481—Ladies' One-Piece Plaited Skirt, with straight lower edge. Especially desirable for the fashionable bordered materials, though adaptable to all other materials. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2490—Misses' One-piece Plaited Skirt, with straight lower edge. Like the Ladies' skirt, this pattern is especially desirable for the bordered materials. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2345—Girls' Dress, with Princess Panel, V neck and three-quarter length sleeves. A simple model for every-day wear, easy of construction and becoming when worn. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2330—Girls' and Child's Russian Dress and Bloomers. An ideal garment for every day and play wear, developed in heavy linen, duck, chambray or any of the light weight materials. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2230—Child's French Dress, with square Yoke, high or low neck and long or short sleeves. A pretty and simple model for any and every day or best dress, and adaptable to any material. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

2139—Child's One-Piece Dress, closed at center back. A good style for the dress for the small girl, made in any material, and trimmed with narrow embroidery edging. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2479—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Flowered cretonne, or plain or flowered lawn or dimity, as well as thin washable silk makes up charmingly in this style. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2475—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, adapted to bordered goods or a combination of two materials. A pretty style, very chic and much worn. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2242—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse closed at right side of front, with high neck and rolling collar or sailor collar and a removable shield, and knickerbockers. These jaunty little suits may be developed in chambray, linen, or duck, with collar and belt in white linen or some pretty contrasting color. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2478—Child's Jacket and Dutch Bonnet. The bonnet with or without revers and cape. The jacket may be developed in heavy linen while the cap will be pretty in sheer white batiste. 4 sizes—½ to 3 years.

2491—Ladies' Five-Gored Maternity Skirt, with extra length at top for readjusting, darts and plaits at front to be let out for extra width, and an inverted box-plait at the back. 7 sizes—22 to 34. Normal waist measure.

2482—Misses' Skirt, Closed at Left Side, with an Inverted Box Plait at center-back seam and with or without center-front seam. Striped or plain serge or flannel, linen or duck makes up excellently in this style. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2124—Misses' Tucked Waist, with Sectional Yoke and Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. A model that is adaptable to almost any materials and one that can be worn as a separate waist or as part of a dress. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2410—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with Kimono Armholes and Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. A tailored model suitable for linen, madras, pique, or Indian-head cotton. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2290—Girls' Jumper Dress, with Guimpe. A good model for every day and school wear, developed in any of the washable or lightweight woolen materials. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2302—Child's Dress, with Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. A simple little model adaptable to any material. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2467—Maids' or Nurse Aprons. These garments are developed in thin cambric, lawn, nainsook, jaconet or batiste. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2468—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, with with high or low neck, long or three-quarter sleeves, and an attached four-gored skirt. This is a suitable style for almost any material, and is particularly becoming to the growing girl. 4 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2035—Misses' Princess Jumper Dress. As a best dress this is a simple and girlish model, adaptable to any material, and worn over a guimpe or very fine batiste. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2087—Ladies' Jumper Dress, with Princess Front Panel. This model develops well in any material, and is most effective for the theatre or informal evening wear, developed in some light colored foulard, trimmed with velvet in some pretty contrasting shade. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

HOW THE STATES VOTED FOR BRYAN

Denver, Col., July 10.—The following is the vote by states that nominated William J. Bryan as the Democratic candidate for the presidency:

State.	Bryan.	Johnson.	Gray.	Not Voting.
Alabama	22	..	..	..
Arkansas	18	..	..	..
California	20	..	..	..
Colorado	10	..	..	..
Connecticut	9	5	..	6
Delaware	10	..	6	..
Florida	4	2	20	..
Georgia	6	..	..	..
Idaho	54	..	..	..
Illinois	30	..	..	..
Indiana	26	..	..	..
Iowa	20	..	..	..
Kansas	26	..	..	..
Kentucky	18	..	..	..
Louisiana	10	1	..	1
Maine	7	9	..	..
Maryland	32	..	..	..
Massachusetts	28	..	..	..
Michigan	..	22	..	..
Minnesota	20	..	..	..
Mississippi	36	..	..	..
Missouri	6	..	..	..
Montana	16	..	..	..
Nebraska	6	..	..	..
Nevada	7	1	..	..
New Hampshire	..	24	..	..
New Jersey	78	..	..	..
New York	24	..	..	..
North Carolina	8	..	..	..
North Dakota	46	..	..	..
Ohio	18	..	..	..
Oklahoma	8	..	..	..
Oregon	49½	3	9½	6
Pennsylvania	6	3	..	..
Rhode Island	18	..	..	..
South Carolina	8	..	..	..
South Dakota	24	..	..	..
Tennessee	36	..	..	..
Texas	6	..	..	..
Utah	7	..	..	..
Vermont	14	..	..	..
Virginia	18	..	..	..
Washington	26	..	..	..
Wisconsin	6	..	..	..
Wyoming	6	..	..	..
Alaska	6	..	..	..
Arizona	6	..	..	..
Hawaii	6	..	..	..
New Mexico	6	..	..	..
Porto Rico	6	..	..	..
Dis. Columbia	892½	46	59½	7
Totals				

DEMOCRAT IS FOR TAFT

Congressman Leake, of New Jersey, Turns Republican.

New York, July 11.—Eugene W. Leake, Democrat, member of congress for the Sixth district of New Jersey, wrote yesterday to William H. Taft, announcing that he will vote for Mr. Taft and offering his services to the Republican nominee during the campaign. Mr. Leake's letter follows:

"Jersey City, July 10, 1908.

"Hon. Wm. H. Taft, Hot Springs, Va.:

"My Dear Mr. Taft—I cannot subscribe either to the candidate or the platform of the Denver convention. The conservative citizens of this country, who are neither reactionary nor the representatives of predatory wealth or special interests, but who desire a rigid enforcement of the law with equal-handed justice must look to you for protection against the wave of radicalism and class prejudice which will follow the Denver convention. You will have my vote on election day, and during the campaign, my services will be of any value to your national committee, I will cheerfully tender them.

"Very respectfully yours,

"EUGENE W. LEAKE."

CRUISER TO AMAPALA

Washington Officials Dispatch the Albany to Scene of Hondurian Trouble.

Washington, July 11.—The cruiser Albany has been ordered to Amapala, the Pacific port of Honduras, to remain as long as necessary.

Captain Henry T. Mayo, commanding, will investigate and report on conditions growing out of the revolution and the necessity of protecting American interests. The Hondurians have feared the revolutionists might capture Amapala.

The Albany will start by Monday from Panama, the distance being 700 miles. She will take aboard at Panama 100 marines wanted for duty at San Francisco.

TEN DEATHS FROM HEAT

Result of One Day's Effort of Old Sol in N. Y.

New York, July 13.—Yesterday's intense heat of 93.7 degrees was appreciably diminished this morning by cool breezes that sprang up during the early morning hours, causing the mercury to drop below 80 degrees. At 9 o'clock the temperature stood at 79 degrees with a humidity of 62 degrees. Weather bureau officials promised relief from the sudden and severe hot wave in the form of cooling showers before the end of the day.

Sunday's record of 10 deaths and numerous prostrations would have been much greater, but for the fact that all who could do so passed the day at seashore or mountain resorts. During last night every available sleeping place out of doors was occupied by the outflow of sweltering humanity from the great east side.

BATTLESHIP ON THE ROCKS

Will Probably Be Total Loss—Crew Saved.

North Sydney, C. B., July 9.—The battleship line steamer Arcola struck the rocks off St. Paul's Island last night and will probably be a total loss, according to a despatch received here today. The crew of the steamer was saved. The Arcola was bound from Manchester for the Miramichi river in ballast and struck the rocks during a thick fog.

MAN OF 102 IS ARRESTED

Veteran Declares He's a Cousin of Gen. Lew Wallace.

Battle Creek, Mich., July 10.—James Wallace, 102 years old, a veteran of the Mexican and the civil wars, was arrested yesterday for disorderly conduct. His case breaks the age limit in local criminal annals. When Wallace faced Justice Battdorff, the court did not have the heart to send him to jail, but told him to get out of town. Wallace went to Indiana. He says he is a cousin to Gen. Lew Wallace.

QUEEN AMELIE RECOVERED

Widow of King Carlos to Take Trip Abroad.

QUEEN AMELIE.

Lisbon, July 11.—Queen Marie Amelie, widow of King Carlos, has quite recovered from her recent illness. It is reported that she is soon to leave Portugal to spend a few months abroad with the Countess of Paris.

BATTLESHIP IS LAUNCHED

South Carolina Takes to Water at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, July 11.—Amid the din of steam whistles ashore and afloat and the cheering of thousands of persons assembled to witness the event, the "all big gun" battleship, South Carolina, was launched at 12:05 p. m. today at Cramp's shipyard on the Delaware river.

As the latest addition to the American navy slipped into the water Miss Frederica Calvert Ansel, daughter of Governor Ansel, of South Carolina, broke the traditional bottle of wine against the prow of the great hull and gave the big sea fighter its name.

Surrounding the pretty girl stood a group including her father and his military staff, many officials of the navy department, the commandant of the Philadelphia navy yard, officials of the city, officers of the Italian warship Ettore Fieramosca, now in port, and hundreds of other invited guests.

ROOSEVELT GETS SUPPLIES

New Bedford, Mass., July 9.—Commander Peary's ship, Roosevelt, arrived in the lower harbor early this morning and dropped anchor off Clark's Point. She came to take on whale boats, whaling supplies and a quantity of supplies for the medicine chest.

TAFT NOMINATION HELPS

Revival Assumed Goodly Proportion Immediately After Chicago Convention.

New York, July 13.—According to reports from various centers business interests of all kinds are moving rapidly toward a normal condition. The revival assumed a pronounced character immediately after the close of the Chicago convention.

The nomination of Bryan, whose election would at any other time be considered most deplorable from a business standpoint, has no depressing effect, because it had been expected and fully discounted. His election is not conceded by any business man.

The tone today in New York is most optimistic, because Taft's election is considered a certainty, and already plans are being laid for heavy manufactures, large sales and overtime wages for every workingman.

Revival to Continue.

Sentiment in general is not unlike that expressed by Alexander Gilbert, president of the New York clearing house, who said, in an address before the New York State Bankers' convention:

"I look for a continued revival in business and expect to see the country doing as well in December of this year as we did in December prior to 1906. The panic had its inception ten years ago, when so many large corporations were formed with inflated capital."

A railroad man said that by late October the transportation lines would be as hard pushed as ever they had been to handle the freight which would pile up on them.

50,000 Men Find Work.

Pittsburg, Penn., July 13.—In September and August of 1907 the pay roll made up in the Pitsburg banks aggregated $1,000,000 a day. In February, March and April of 1908 the pay roll made up in Pitsburg proper had dwindled to $300,000 a day in some instances, and it has gradually increased from this figure until the figures for June and July of 1908 will approximate $650,000 a day.

Fully 50,000 men find employment today within Allegheny county, whereas less than three months ago 25,000 of these were idle.

The business barometer is clearly indicated by the increased traffic of the railroads centering in Pittsburg.

Southwest Booming.

St. Louis, Mo., July 13.—Commercial conditions have improved remarkably, especially since June 1, and it is now permissible to state, with facts as the basis, that business is rapidly assuming its normal volume.

Thousands of employes have gone back to work in mercantile and industrial establishments in the last 30 days, and there are numerous substantial evidences that prosperity will continue and probably will grow.

Not only are indications most stimulating in St. Louis and in the whole St. Louis district, in Missouri and Illinois, but all important points in the southwest, the southeast and the west.

As Viewed in Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., July 13.—Indications are multiplying in all branches of trade that a return of normal business conditions is rapidly approaching. Railroad managers, especially, report a decided improvement, and a sharp demand for cars for the transportation of all classes of freight, with the possible exception of steel and iron. A prominent railway official said today that while this branch of business continued far below normal, it no doubt largely resulted from the fact that the railway companies themselves were not buying material. This state of affairs, however, he added, could not possibly continue much longer, and the railroads would shortly be compelled to go into the market, and when they did so, the demand would be sudden, as well as heavy.

Grand Chief Engineer Stone, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, said today that his reports showed decided business improvements on the railroads throughout the country.

HITCHCOCK IS CHAIRMAN

Taft's Manager Named at Conference Between Candidate and Political Leaders.

Hot Spring, Va., July 8.—Frank H. Hitchcock, former first assistant postmaster general, one of the managers for William H. Taft in the campaign for the nomination of the presidency by the Republican party, was today unanimously chosen chairman of the Republican national committee.

The announcement was made shortly after 1:30 o'clock this afternoon, following a conference between Judge Taft and the members of the executive committee of the national Republican committee.

The committee also chose George Rumsey Sheiden, of New York, to be treasurer of the national committee, designated Arthur I. Vorys as a member of the Republican national committee to have charge of the campaign in Ohio, and chose Cincinnati as the headquarters of the Republican national committee for the state of Ohio.

THIEVES STEAL $25,000

Drill Their Way Through 20-Inch Brick Wall.

New York, July 8.—Loot valued at $25,000 was secured by safe blowers who early today drilled their way through a twenty-inch brick wall into the offices of the Diamond Point Pen company in Beekman street and then shattered two safes with dynamite. The police have no clue to the robbers.

The burglars had obtained access to the offices of the Diamond Point Pen company by cutting a hole from a hallway in an adjoining building through a brick wall into the building occupied by the pen company. The wall separating the office from the work room was then torn down and the two safes were dragged into the rear room, where they were blown open, probably while the sound was deadened by the passing of an elevated train. The stolen property consisted mainly of manufactured goods. A safe containing the most of the company's cash was kept in another building because the Diamond Point Pen company already had been robbed five times in the last three years.

LUSITANIA BREAKS RECORD

Logs 643 Nautical Miles in a Single Day.

New York, July 8.—The swift Cunard Liner Lusitania has broken another speed record by logging 643 nautical miles a day, according to information received today by the Cunard line officials in New York. However, the Lusitania has merely moved her own record a couple of notches higher, as she previously held the speed record at 641 miles per day. The new fast run was made on the first day out on the Lusitania's present trip from Queenstown, whence she sailed for New York on July 5.

UNCLE SAM TO BRING CASTRO TO TIME

Root and Bacon Confer on Situation with Roosevelt at Oyster Bay.

Oyster Bay, July 13.—President Castro, pooh-bah of Venzeuela, and probably the most impudent and audacious despot in the history of the Western hemisphere, will be brought sharply to time if President Roosevelt can find a way to do it.

The president, Secretary Root and Assistant Secretary Bacon spent a large part of yesterday in devising a plan for castigating the fiery executive, who is now sitting serenely in his capitol, at odds with a number of the greatest powers of the world and caring not a bit.

Since diplomatic relations between Venezuela and the United States were severed so abruptly recently by the withdrawal of Mr. Sleeper, the American minister at Caracas, and the subsequent action of the Venezuelan representative at Washington in packing up his baggage and hieing for the South, this country has taken no action to punish Castro for his attitude toward America and American interests in Venezuela, which stirred up the trouble. Now that it is up to the United States to act, the President, it is understood, is determined to pursue a course which will leave no doubt in Castro's mind as to what he must do.

Chicago Will Spend $10,000 to Save Lives of Babies

Chicago, July 11.—To save lives the city council of Chicago made a special appropriation of $10,000 last night. Intestinal diseases among infants, caused chiefly by the hot weather have been of such frequent occurrence in Chicago, that according to relative figures the total deaths of babies due to these complaints this year will reach the startling total of 3,414.

Alarmed at the prospect of this wholesale slaughter of the innocents, the council authorized the transfer of $10,000 to pay 100 physicians who will be employed by the city to disseminate information concerning the causes and prevention of summer sicknesses among babies.

BRYAN WANTS ONE TERM

Will Not Be Candidate Again, If Elected This Fall, He Says.

Fairview, Lincoln, Neb., July 10.—The following statement was made by William J. Bryan when, at 4:34 a. m., he received announcement of his nomination as the candidate of the Democratic party for president:

"The honor is the highest official possession in the world, and no one occupying it can afford to have his views upon public questions biased by personal ambition. Recognizing his responsibility to God and his obligation to his countrymen, he should enter upon the discharge of his duties with singleness of purpose. Believing that one can best do this when he is not planning for a second term, I announce now, as I have on former occasions, that, if elected, I shall not be a candidate for re-election.

"This is a nomination as purely from the people as can be, and, if elected, my obligation will be as purely to the people. I appreciate the honor the more because it came not from one person, but from the rank and file acting freely and without compulsion."

So far had the dawn advanced that lights were scarcely needed when the bulletin flashing the news of the convention's action arrived. It galvanized into life the somnolent spirits and drooping lids of the party which had sat the night through in the Bryan sun parlor.

The nominee sat beside his daughter, Grace, on a settee when, for the third time in his life, Mr. Bryan heard himself called to lead his party in a battle of ballots for the control of the administration of the United States. A. R. Talbot, Mr. Bryan's former law partner, was the first to grasp his hand, and for a moment he was kept busy with both hands acknowledging the congratulations of the 15 people in the room.

A loving cup filled with unfermented grape juice was brought out, each one present taking a sip.

Aside from his immediate family, his former law partner, his secretary, and Mrs. J. W. Winger, and his sister, Mrs. Allen, Mr. Bryan's companions during the night were newspaper correspondents. Accosting them as guests, Mr. Bryan whiled away the hours with story after story illustrating his experiences in public life or some point which he desired to make.

CHIMES IN TOWER OF "MET" BUILDING.

New York, July 11.—Another striking feature will be added to the odd sights and scenes of New York by the placing of a group of four large bells on the forty-sixth story of the new tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company's building in Madison Square.

The bells will be placed nearly twice as high as any in the world, the makers say. The largest will weigh 7,000 pounds and the smallest 1,500, and the bells are said to be the largest ever assembled in a group. They will strike the quarters of each hour in chime, and in the night may be heard a great distance.

ATWOOD FOR CHAIRMAN

Kansas Man Boomed for Head of Dem. National Committee.

Denver, July 9.—A strongly supported movement, having the backing of a number of the most intimate personal friends of W. J. Bryan, including several members of the national committee, was launched in Denver yesterday in the interests of John H. Atwood, of Leavenworth, Kas., member of the Democratic national committee from that state, for the chairmanship of the new national committee. It is stated on good authority that the selection of Mr. Atwood would be gratifying to Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Atwood is a well known attorney in the middle west, and his work in connection with the prosecution of many important cases against the railroads before the interstate commerce commission has attracted national attention. He has been in Mr. Bryan's confidence for years, and, at the request of the Nebraskan, he will make one of the principal seconding speeches of the latter's nomination. He has a considerable reputation as an orator, and his speech seconding the nomination of Mr. Bryan is expected to give impetus to his candidacy for the chairmanship of the national committee.

A DECREASE IN SALOONS

stimate That Ohio Has Less by 462 Than Last Year.

Columbus, O., July 10.—The state auditor today made public an estimate of the number of saloons doing business in the state for the year 1908 based upon applications for licenses, and not on actual payments, which shows 9050 saloons in operation, a loss of 462 as compared with 1907. It is likely that the actual payments of Dow tax will still further reduce this deficiency as many assessors seem to have missed saloons in their districts, though the decrease in saloons is likely to be much less than promised two weeks ago when the first estimate was made. Every county in the state shows a loss in number of saloons except Brown, Greene, Warren, Monroe, Wayne and Erie. The only counties which have no saloons, according to this estimate, are Morgan, Clinton, Fayette, Geauga and Harrison.

DUKE COMING TO AMERICA

Norfolk and Other Distinguished Englishmen Sail.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Liverpool, July 11—The Duke of Norfolk, Lord Roberts and a distinguished party sailed yesterday on board the Canadian Pacific liner, Empress of Ireland, for Quebec to attend the tercentenary celebration of the founding of Quebec by Champlain.

FLAMES IN MAINE WOODS

erious Forest Fires Rage in Various Sections of the State.

Portland July 10.—Serious forest fires are raging in various sections of the state, much property is menaced by the flames.

The woods are dry from lack of rain, and all efforts to check the fires seems fruitless.

With fires burning at Mere Point, Georgetown, Penneville, Sandy Gully and Topsham, there is an irregular circle of fire and smoke about Brunswick.

At Wells, the front of the fire is five miles in length, and thousands of acres have been burned over. Still another fire seriously threatens the town of Newcastle. The fire line there is fully three miles long, and extends over 1,000 acres.

KERN'S FRIENDS JUBILATE

Indianapolis Democrats Have an Impromptu Parade.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 11.—Flags, banners, fireworks, cheers and a big brass band combined last night to express in some degree the enthusiasm of Indianapolis Democrats over the nomination of John W. Kern for the vice presidency.

The news of his nomination was still hot from the wires when members of the Indiana Democratic club began to make arrangements for a night demonstration which should properly celebrate the honor received by the Indiana man. At 8 o'clock Monument Place, near the quarters of the club, was filled with a cheering throng. The Indianapolis Military band was there playing patriotic and enlivening melodies. A few minutes later about 500 enthusiastic Democrats swung into line behind the band and began a parade through the principal downtown streets, that lasted for hours.

DIFFERENT NOW

Athlete Finds Better Training Food.

It was formerly the belief that to become strong, athletes must eat plenty of meat.

This is all out of date now, and many trainers feed athletes on the well-known food, Grape-Nuts, made of wheat and barley, and cut the meat down to a small portion, once a day.

"Three years ago," writes a Mich. man, "Having become interested in athletics, I found I would have to stop eating pastry and some other kinds of food.

"I got some Grape-Nuts and was soon eating the food at every meal, for I found that when I went on the track, I felt more lively and active.

"Later, I began also to drink Postum in place of coffee and the way I gained muscle and strength on this diet was certainly great. On the day of a field meet in June I weighed 124 lbs. On the opening of the football season in Sept., I weighed 140. I attributed my fine condition and good work to the discontinuation of improper food and coffee, and the using of Grape-Nuts and Postum, my principal diet during training season being Grape-Nuts.

"Before I used Grape-Nuts I never felt right in the morning—always kind of 'out of sorts' with my stomach. But now when I rise I feel good, and after a breakfast largely of Grape-Nuts with cream, and a cup of Postum, I feel like a new man." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CHEERED FOR 87 MINUTES

All Long-Distance Demonstration Records Broken at the Denver Convention.

Denver, July 9.—All long-distance cheering records were shattered yesterday by the Democratic national convention. The yells that greeted the name of Bryan, launched into the assembly by Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, were forced from the wearied throats of the delegates for one hour and 27 minutes.

The Bryan demonstration, carried to the 47-minute register which marked the length of the Roosevelt outburst in Chicago, was then nursed by music and parades until it sank, through sheer fatigue, to a murmur that barely broke the silence just 40 minutes later. Then the Democratic convention hoarse, but proud, sank back into its seats ready for adjournment or anything else that would make no further tax on their frazzled larynxes. The Republican convention had been outcheered and the Bryan men were happy.

Noise Forced Out.

The stage management of the afternoon's turbulent session was superb. Not a single bit of "business" was overlooked by the men in charge of the Bryan demonstration. Stirring airs were were played, processions of delegates, bearing the standard of their states, grouped around the picture of Bryan, were led through the aisles of the auditorium, the American flag was waved, and pretty girls were hoisted upon the chairman's desk to lead the cheering. Every symptom of a lull in the turmoil was followed by some new demonstration, which led the sweating delegates to further noise-making efforts.

But no analysis of the means which were employed to prolong the uproar to the 87-minute point can detract from the picturesqueness of the Bryan uprising. The floor of the convention held a seething, pushing, shrieking mob. For 20 minutes after Senator Gore had told the convention that Oklahoma rejected by 100,000 majority the advice of Taft and accepted that of Bryan the enthusiasm displayed by the delegates and alternates was spontaneous and sincere.

Bell Gets Into Game.

No one who witnessed the rising of the delegates from the Bryan states as one man and heard frantic cheers doubts for a moment that they believed as they yelled.

This vocal evidence of enthusiasm, however, bade fair to expend itself long before a half hour had passed. Then Chairman Bell got into the game. The demonstration had begun contrary to schedule, but Bell was not going to lose a chance of protracting the cheers beyond the limit set by the Republican convention. Messengers were dispatched to the chairmen of the Bryan delegations, and the word was given out that the noise must last more than 47 minutes. How much longer neither Bell nor his associates cared a whit.

To the spectators the change in the spirit of the convention from this time on was evident. The galleries, which from the first minute of the demonstration, had contributed only sporadic aid to the tumult, leaned back to enjoy the show.

Confined to Floor.

The uproar was confined to the floor. The visitors looked on. They appreciated the spectacle, but they were not going to waste their lungs when so much noise could be heard without an effort. The analogy between the Republican and Democratic conventions had to be laid aside today. There the visitors cheered for Roosevelt and the delegates from time to time added to the volume of noise. Yesterday the delegates furnished almost all the noise, while the galleries looked on in comparative silence.

BOY INDIANS IN CAMP

Accept Challenge of Ernest Thompson Seton.

Greenwich, Conn., July 9.—Eight tribes of woodcraft Indians, numbering in all about 175 boys from various stations of the United States, have pitched their tents on the shores of Pipe Steel Lake at Wyndygoul, Ernest Thompson Seton's estate, it being the "fifth sun of the thunder moon," in Indian parlance. Preparations were quickly made for the greatest encampment of boy Indians ever held in America.

Wyndygoul is famous for its wild scenery and its adaptability to camping. More than 150 acres of wild land are annually turned over 10 days to the boys for their camp.

The tribes already there are the Owanokes, Setting Suns, Black Bears, Byrams, Flying Eagles, Red Trailers, Quepecks and Sinawas, the local tribe. The great council fire is to be west of the large lake, and scattered through the woods, within calling distance are the several camps. Mr. Seton himself spends the whole day and early evening with the boys.

Black Wolf, as Mr. Seton is called by the tribes, has issued a challenge to the young hunters for the capture of the first deer, which has been accepted by Eagle Eye, war chief of the Setting Suns, the most famous trailer of all the tribes, and the boys are looking forward to this contest, in which each risks his scalp.

Among the feats arranged are races in birch bark canoes, sturgeon spearing, tilting in canoes, foot races, swimming contests, scouting, a medley race, carrying messages and a new one, the jumping canoe race, where the contestants are required to jump out of the canoe six times, whenever the umpire shouts "jump," in a race of about a half mile.

FEAR FAMINE IN RUSSIA

Likelihood Admitted by Report to the Duma.

St. Petersburg, July 9.—The likelihood of another famine in Russia the coming winter was admitted by a report of the ministry of the interior in the duma yesterday, in answer to an interpellation regarding the present condition of Russian crops.

Two-thirds of the winter wheat is a failure in eighteen provinces, the southern district being the worst off. Two and one-half million acres of land have not been seeded. Warm weather in June and an abundance of rain in the center and south have somewhat improved the prospect of the spring wheat crop, but nevertheless relief measures on a large scale will be necessary, both for seeding and feeding purposes.

SOLDIERS START A RIOT

As Result Twenty-five Privates Are Under Arrest.

Washington, July 9.—As the result of a serious riot late Tuesday night at Riverview, a resort on the Maryland side of the Potomac, about 14 miles below here, 25 privates of the United States army are under arrest at Fort Washington, and Captain Edward N. Mason who endeavored to suppress the outbreak, suffered a broken arm and many of the rioters sustained painful injuries. The participants may be court-martialed.

Tuesday being payday seventy-five men, who it is said, had been drinking, became involved in a free-for-all fight.

Men, women and children excursionists fled from the resort. Captain Macon and a company of men went to the resort and after considerable resistance finally put the rioters under guard at Fort Washington.

THE NEBRASKA SAILS.

San Francisco, July 9.—The battleship Nebraska of the Atlantic fleet, which was detained in quarantine on account of an outbreak of scarlet fever on board, having been thoroughly fumigated, sailed today to rejoin the fleet at Honolulu.

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$50 a Month and expenses paid any active person to travel and distribute circulars, appoint agents, collect, etc. $35 monthly to distribute circulars only; no capital required; salary paid weekly; expenses advanced; sample package of goods and contract free; send 15c for postage, packing, etc.; no postals; money refunded on request; I mean business. George S. Stickle, Lake Mills, Wis.

View Toledo On 4 sets of 5 each HANDSOME POST CARDS per set 15c silver; 4 sets 25 cards 50c. H. W. PURDY, 210 Greenwood ave., Toledo, O.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 55c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—37 W. 44ma St., Chicago.

$1,500,000 BOSTON FIRE

Nearly a Quarter Mile of Water Front Is Swept by Flames.

Boston, July 9.—Practically the entire loss of $1,500,000, caused by the fire which destroyed almost a quarter of a mile of the water front of East Boston yesterday will fall upon the insurance companies, those taking marine risks as well as the companies which insure against fire being responsible for part of the loss under a clause in the policies which protects merchandise for a time while at the wharves awaiting removal.

The Boston & Albany Railroad company, which is leased by the New York Central, had property valued at $1,000,000 destroyed, including the two piers used by the Cunard line, and a grain elevator. The Leyland line pier was also destroyed, together with several freight cars and a large quantity of miscellaneous merchandise. The loss is mostly covered by insurance.

Had the trans-Atlantic freight traffic at this port been of the normal volume, instead of being lower than for years, as was the case, several large steamers in addition to the Leyland liner Devonian, would likely have been at the docks and a considerably larger quantity of merchandise been at the warehouses.

It is believed that but one person had perished, Daniel Sullivan, a watchman at the Cunard line pier.

TWO CONVENTIONS HELD

West Virginia Republicans Split on Head of Ticket.

Charleston, W. Va., July 8.—Two separate Republican state conventions were held here today to select a nominee for governor. The followers of Arnold G. Scherr, state auditor and candidate for governor, assembled at the court house at 10 o'clock to organize a convention and nominate him. Sherr and his followers claim that they were not fairly treated by the state executive committee which decided convention contests. The convention was organized with Pressley Morris, Parkersburg, chairman, and H. C. Ogden, Wheeling, secretary.

The "regular" convention was called to order at noon in a wigwam especially built for the purpose.

ROUND UP "BLACK HAND"

New York Police Expect to Capture Entire Band.

New York, July 8.—Within the next twenty-four hours the police expect to strike the most decisive blow ever aimed at the Black Hand band of bomb throwers in this city. They say that one of the leaders and several of the lieutenants and agents are already in the toils, having been arrested late Monday night. Lieutenant Petrosino and his men say that several saloon keepers, all ex-convicts, whose places of business are on the East Side, are identified with the Black Hand gang, and that they lay out the work that is to be done by the agents, in which the throwing of bombs and kidnaping of children form a conspicuous part. The police admit, however, that it is difficult to prove anything against these men.

Lieutenant Petrosino said that the arrest of Virzi and the other four suspects on Monday night had put a lot of information in the hands of the police upon which they are now acting, with hope of success in rounding up the entire gang of Black Hand leaders and agents.

TO FIGHT FOR MILLIONS

Son Was Disinherited by Brooklyn Lawyer.

New York, July 8.—William M. Ingham, jr., of Waverly, N. Y., has announced that he has instructed his attorney to begin contest of the will of his father, a lawyer, of Brooklyn, who died June 7, leaving an estate of more than $2,000,000.

Mr. Ingham is 48 years old. During the last thirty years he had been estranged from his father. When the will was filed in the surrogate's court in Brooklyn it was seen that to William M. Ingham, jr., was bequeathed only $100.

Mr. Ingham said yesterday that he had known he was to be practically disinherited and that he had been preparing for years to make a contest.

A PUBLIC NOTIFICATION

Malloy Arranging Plans with Cincinnati Committee.

Cincinnati, O., July 8.—In a conference held between Chairman R. R. Reynolds and J. Stacey Hill, of the general citizens' committee, and John R. Malloy, of Columbus, representing United States Senator William Warner, of Missouri, chairman of the notification committee of the national Republican convention, yesterday, plans for the celebration of notification day, July 28, were discussed at length, but no decision on the details of the program was made. Chairman Reynolds received a telegram from Senator Warner, which stated:

"John R. Malloy has charge of the arrangements for the notification committee and I have written him to acquiesce in whatever arrangements your committee may make."

Mr. Malloy stated that all he desired was that the arrangements be such that there would be harmony in the plans of the notification committee and the Cincinnati citizens' committee, and that he would make his plans to suit those of the Cincinnati committee. Just where the notification is to take place and in what manner it is to be made is yet to be decided. Chairman Reynolds favored the plan to have the affair a public one in Eden park if possible. It is possible that the notification will be made at the Charles P. Taft home, on Pike street, and will be followed by a public reception, either at the Taft home or at Eden park.

JOHN D.'S NEW GRANDSON

Bar Harbor, Maine, July 9.—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, jr., gave birth to a son late yesterday at the Rockefeller summer home here. This is the third child, the others being a boy and a girl.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

To be made with Thee one spirit
Is the boon that I lingering ask,
To have no bar 'twixt my soul and Thine,
My thoughts to echo Thy will divine,
Myself Thy servant for any task.

MONDAY.

"If it is right, there is no other way!"
Brave words to speak, and braver still to live;
A flag to guide the battle of each day,
A motto that will peace and courage give.

TUESDAY.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

WEDNESDAY.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.

THURSDAY.

A happy man or woman is a better thing than riches. He or she is a radiating focus of good will and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.

FRIDAY.

Real character is not outward conduct, but quality of thinking.

SATURDAY.

After the fever of life; after weariness, comes rest, peace, joy; our eternal portion, if we be worthy.

Brain-Work in House-Work

"Let your head save your heels."

This old time saying, like many another, is filled with wisdom that is worth remembering. If the head were trained to save the heels there would be fewer overtired women to whom housework is a horror, and something that is never done. It is easy enough to do two things at once, if one knows how, and the woman who can turn off the greatest amount of work with the least apparent effort is the one who "knows how." A disorderly house, a fretful, complaining housewife, untidy, peevish children, a man who sighs when he thinks of home, all mark the misrule of a woman who does not use her brain in taking care of her house and family.

Headwork is as necessary in conducting a house as it is in conducting a college, or any other institution. The greatest of these is "home," where the men and women of the future receive their first and most important training.

Women often excuse their shortcomings by saying, "I haven't a bit of order about me," speaking as if this lack were some physical defect which could not be cured. The habit of order is born in some, but it can be acquired by those who do not possess it, if the wish is felt to correct careless habits.

Doing two things at once sounds complicated, but it is not. For instance, when one is preparing a meal, every step may be made to count by carrying both ways while going in and out of the pantry, taking as many of the needed utensils, or ingredients as possible in each trip, and thus lessening the labor of bringing out and putting away.

While the food is cooking, it is easy enough to "wash up" the dishes that need not be used again until the next meal-time comes around. Instead of letting them increase and multiply for one grand, final dishwashing that is, in reality, hard labor. Any experienced housewife knows this to be true; it is only used as an example.

It is commonly supposed that anyone can keep house. "Anyone" cannot keep house as it should be kept, unless the brain is brought in service to accomplish the innumerable tasks, and to overcome the perplexities which attend the duties of the housekeeper.

Housekeeping is a profession which has reached so high a degree of importance, that women are making a business of it in which they put mind and heart as well as physical labor. They dress for it, plan for it, and give it their deepest consideration. The idea that any old dress is good enough to wear in the kitchen has gone out of favor. Washable gowns of a kind that do not get soiled easily seem the most practical, but every woman is her own best judge when it comes to this matter. The main thing is to be clean. The sloppy, slovenly housekeeper is an unlovely woman who is fast disappearing. The housekeeper who ties on her big, clean apron, studies the best ways of working, and uses her brain more than her heels, is marching ahead of her careless sister and is bringing up her children in ways of neatness and order.

There is the real meaning of the whole thing. Home is the first school of the children, and early training has everything to do with the child's future character and capabilities. Some children are naturally neater than others, but it is possible to teach every child to be clean if one begins when they are very young and continues the lessons with quiet persistence and by force of example.

There are times and occasions in every housekeeper's life when it is impossible to keep perfect order. There may be sickness, the unexpected may happen, the housekeeper may not be in a condition to fulfill the duties of her profession, there may be a dozen reasons to cause disturbances which prevent following to the letter the law of order, but, all things being normal, the housekeeper should use her brains, and instead of being a drudge be one of the world's workers, for there is scarcely anything more worthy of thought than the welfare of home and children.

ELIZABETH AYRES.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A KIND HEART.

Dear Cozy Corner People—How dear you all are to me, and how I enjoy your letters of real worth on all subjects each week. The first thing I turn to in The Blade is your letters. I'm a busy housewife and do not have time to read the M. G. R.'s, but I do not neglect the Cozy Corner.

I wrote a letter to you some time ago, and I have often thought I would write again, but the one cry in our home, is "too busy." We have a family of seven, including one hired boy. We live on a farm of 300 acres, so you who are farmers' wives can realize what we have to do, and that one cannot find a cozy nook, shady porch, or restful hammock at any hour of the day.

The duties of life are problems that look us square in the face, yet what would we be without them? I fully enjoyed the letter of Sweet Meara on No Debts. How sensible and practical it was with a view of home comfort. I would certainly love to be one of her neighbors. Then Junie's birthday letter from her mother. Who does not love to read such thoughts from a mother? Mine passed on when I was eighteen years of age. Now time has rushed me along to 42, yet how fresh is her memory! I can never read of, or see a mother's love without tears. Ignorance, your letter was fine. The sentiment of cheerfulnes is worth more than gold to the downhearted. When one gets discouraged the best way to do is to take a general survey of the people you come in contact with, and you are sure to find others worse off than ourselves; then we forget our own affairs and strive to find some way to lend a helping hand to our neighbors. What better aim in life can we have than in helping others? Kind acts count. A sweet thought often relieves an aching heart, and is the foundation of a lasting friendship. I often think of it in this way.

There are Armenian peddlers who pass our house nearly every week. If they stop, I always try to help them in some way—with a little lunch, cup of milk, or a few apples. Such things help them on when they are weary and not able to speak a dozen English words. I know theirs is seemingly a lazy life, yet we cannot all be alike, and we may be able to help them to better themselves. I think frequently of you all, though unknown. I wish we might sometime meet, yet we may be very thankful we have our own dear Blade for a go-between Love to all and to Uncle Webbie, as I have him to thank for my Blade.—Michigan Mame.

A LARGE FAMILY.

I am a farmer's wife and am 18 years of age. I have been married two years. My father and grandfather stay with us. We live five miles southwest of the little town called Nickelsville. I have a good deal of work to do, for I do most all of my washing, scrubbing, cooking, milking and attending to my chickens, still I have some spare time to do drawn work and to read.

I must tell you a little about my dear grandfather. He is in his eighty-fourth year and is the grandfather of 72 children, 62 of whom are living. He has had 72 great-grandchildren, 60 of whom are alive. The entire family totals 153. My grandfather's sight and hearing are good, and he can walk as straight and as fast as a boy of fifteen years.—A Friend.

THE CARD QUESTION.

I am a reader of the Household page and find many good and helpful words written therein. I agree with Farmer's Wife from Penn. If the boys, and sometimes the girls, too, must play cards, let them learn in their own home. I had an only brother. Our mother would never allow cards in the home, but brother spent many hours playing away from home and many hours in the gambling rooms, but he is married now, and has a happy home, but all do not end so.

Fathers and mothers, if your children must play cards, play with them and teach them the good and the bad of the game. My husband is one of eleven children. Six were boys. They always played cards in their home and they never cared to go anywhere else to play. They are all model young men, and do not use tobacco or intoxicating liquors. We have two children—a girl and a boy. We live in the country on a farm, and we all enjoy the life, even if we do have to work early and late.—Mistress Dorinda.

CARDS AN EVIL.

I was much impressed with Sister Ida's letter in regard to card playing, and wish to say I consider it one of the greatest evils of the present day. Is there good in anything that produces the harm that cards do? I believe the parlor card table has manufactured more gamblers than the gambling dens, because cards are learned in some one's home before the gambling places are entered. What Christian influence has a card playing man or woman? They have none, and never will have. There are plenty of pure, moral games we can indulge in and spend a very pleasant time. Mothers do not bring cards in your family life to keep your boys and girls at home, for sooner or later they will go somewhere else and play. This has been fully demonstrated in the vicinity where I live.—Mrs. Emma Palmer.

CARDS AGAIN.

I was deeply moved when I read the letter from Michigan in which she said there are to be sweet memories of us and our work after we have harvested our sheaf and placed it at our Master's feet. How often we go through life, never stopping to lay a sheaf at our Savior's feet.

I couldn't help but admire Mrs. Lella P. Carn when she said: "I do not believe in cards, for so much evil grows out of them. It seems to me so much harm comes from teaching our boys to play cards at home, then, when they grow older, if they have a desire to gamble and go wrong, they can say "my father and mother taught me to play; surely there can be no harm in it!" Can we take our harvest then and lay at the Savior's feet?

We live in sunny Kansas, the short grass country, but intend to move to the Colorado line this fall.—Mable.

I think the card question has been sufficiently discussed, and both sides of the matter presented. It is best to let it drop now, as it is scarcely possible to reach a decision, and all that can be done is for each one of you to form your own opinion, according to what you think is right.—Editor.

APPRECIATIVE WORDS.

Dear Sisters—I love to read your letters. They make me feel a great longing to be personally acquainted with you. I would like to say to Mrs. W. F. Fogleman that when I read her letter in the Cozy Corner of April 16 I could imagine my dear old father talking. Although he has been laid to rest for six years, he is as bright in my memory as though it were but yesterday. I believe no child ever loved its father better than I did mine, and when I read in your letter the very same words I have heard him speak so often, it made me feel a great longing to hear them spoken by those dearest lips once more. Although I do not wish him back in this world, for I am sure he has gone to heaven, where, someday, I hope we shall meet to part no more.

To Alvina I would say that I know just how she feels. I was like that once myself, always busy and yet my work never seemed to be done. But she will get over that. I did. I was only 15 years old when I was married. I am now 23. I live in a seven-roomed house on a farm. I have one dear child and a good husband.—Pet Lamb.

AN INQUIRY.

Will someone tell me how to can red berries?—Brunette.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Is the weather too hot for you? Don't you care; there soon will be another kind coming.

We have a letter from Terell, Ky., which is unsigned. We must have the writer's signature, as well as a name for publication, unless the writer wishes to use her own name. Unsigned letters are "against the rules."

Letters recently received are from German Blonde, A Michigan Farmer's Wife, Brunette, and A True Friend to the Cozy Corner.

By the way, what has become of Nervy? I wish she would come out of the tall timbers and tell us what she is doing.—Editor.

Letters From Children

Tiddle cum tat,
A bat and a rat,
A mouse and a piece of cheese;
When the trouble was over
They lived on in clover,
And never were known to sneeze.

Will you admit a little girl from Iowa? I am eleven years old. I have one brother and one sister, and a nice little nephew named Donald. I go to school every day. I take music lessons on the piano and can play real well. My papa takes The Blade and we like it. As this is my first letter I will say goodbye.—Ruby May Campbell.

As I have never seen any letters from Centralia, Wash., I will write one. I am eleven years old and go to school on Ford's Prairie. I am in the fifth grade; have no sisters but I have three brothers. My oldest brother is nine years old and the youngest is two years and eleven months. We have for pets a lame rooster, a dog and two cats. We call the rooster Brigham and the dog Fido. We live one mile from the city of Centralia. There are about 7,000 people there and they are now paving the principal streets and making a lovely little city. There are a great many small farms about here. We own 21 acres. I hope to see this letter in print.—Lila Ingalls.

I am a little boy five years old. My papa takes The Blade and we like it real well. My mamma milks the cows and makes lots of good things to eat. I have no brothers or sisters. My papa is a carpenter. We live on a farm of 65 acres. We have three cows, three calves and one horse. I have a chicken and a shepherd dog. I call him Dan. I have a toy piano, a blow horn, four balls, six dolls, a rooster that jumps out of a pen and crows, a music top, a little hatchet and tack hammer, two rabbits on wheels, a monkey that climbs a string, a little wheelbarrow, two iron horses, two wagons and lots of other toys. I have a lot of books I like better than my other things. I want the other little boys to tell what they have.—Papa's Blue-Eyed Boy.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have not gone to school more than nine months in my life. Mamma wanted me to write a letter all myself, so here it is. We live on a farm in Monongalia county, about three miles south of the city of Morgantown. Mamma and I raised about 100 chickens last year. I love to feed them and gather the eggs. My papa has about an acre in strawberry plants. I like to help pick strawberries.

I have a little brother four years old. His name is Hugh. I have a step-brother 22 years old. His name is Willie. He is very good to me. I am proud of my big and little brothers. We have several sheep, a dog and a cat, but I have only one pet. It is a little lamb I am raising on the bottle. I call it Bessie. Papa has taken The Blade for several years and thinks it is a good paper. Mamma knows several songs in the Poets' Corner. We always read the stories. I always read the children's letters and think they are fine. I would like the little girl who signs herself "Red Rose" to write again. Goodbye.—Maple G. Henderson.

My name is Kent Marsh. I live at Middleport, O. I am visiting at Grandpa Kent's at Cottageville, W. Va. Grandpa takes The Blade and mamma and I enjoy reading the little children's letters. Mamma is going to sign for The Blade for me.

Grandma has a pet rabbit. His name is Jake. He is seven years old and weighs ten pounds. Grandpa raises chickens and ducks. One duck laid two eggs in one day. I ride a bicycle, and have an air gun and a magic lantern. I go to Sunday school every Sunday morning and to League in the afternoon. I passed to number four in school. Goodbye to all the little children.

I have been reading the children's letters and thought I would write one. Papa takes The Blade and I like to read it very much since I came home from school. I am a little girl 12 years old. I had scarlet fever when I was six years old and it made me almost deaf. I have been to the Deaf and Dumb school at Morgantown, North Carolina, for four years. I came home early in June. I had a joyful time on the train with many deaf children.

I live three miles from Conover, N. C. I have a pet colt. Her name is Daisy. I am learning to cook, this summer, and I like to bake pies and custards. I have three sisters and two brothers. I have one brother in Ohio and one sister in New York city, another sister is in Americus, Ga. They are both trained nurses. I have one little brother and one sister at home. I can play several pieces on the organ. My sister taught me to play. My sister plays the organ at the church. I will close. Hello to all the children.—Emma Brady.

THE STORY OF A HEN HUNT

The following little sketch is taken from a book entitled, Spinster Farm, written by Helen M. Winslow, a prominent clubwoman, writer and lecturer, and published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The scene is placed in New England, where the Spinster and her niece, Peggy, in search of the quiet of the country, go to live on a farm in an ancient Colonial mansion. The story given here tells of the incidents accompanying the purchase of a flock of chickens.

No sooner where they fairly settled in their new home than Peggy had announced that she wanted to buy some hens.

"Now, Peggy," her aunt had protested, "you really don't want to keep hens. They are a lot of trouble, and the least interesting animate objects that you can select."

But Peggy's heart was set on having a poultry plant.

"You ought to read the farm journals and poultry books," she said. "Why people are making loads of money keeping hens. Besides, I like hens. They know a lot. I read only yesterday," she urged, "that one woman cleared from 107 hens a profit of $562.78, and there was a girl who bought three hens, with her own allowance, and raised 47 chickens the first year. In three years her flock had increased to 700 hens. What do you thing of that?"

"I think the age of romance is not ended yet," was her aunt's retort, "but if you want me to go 'hen-hunting' with you this afternoon, we'll borrow Hiram's horse.

Hiram was the neighbor who had been engaged as the man of all work at Spinster Farm. He owned a small place just back of Spinster Farm, and lived quietly with his wife, whose end of the buggy seat settled far below his when they drove to the village every Sunday. The Spinster took great delight in exercising his conversational powers, which were indeed remarkable, and his quaint ways of putting things soon convinced her that originality of mind is by no means the result of education.

"Kind o' wore out, be ye?" he had asked the very first day. "Wall, some women never know how to take things easy. I tell my wife, when she tries to hurry things by tellin' me to make hay when the sun shines, thet there ain't no call to try to make it so tarnal fast that ye git sunstruck in the process. I reckon you're one o' the kind." And she felt that he had the power of character-reading to a science.

PEGGY AND HER CHICKENS.

When they went over to engage the horse they found him at the grindstone, which he had rigged up to run by foot-power.

"Yes," he said, "you can hev the hoss, tho' I was sort o' cal-atin' to cultivate them beans this afternoon with him. Soon's I git this knife ground down, I'll hitch up for ye. I sometimes wonder why 'tis if it takes a hundred-and-fifty-pound grindstone to put an edge on a two-ounce knife, that sometimes a little word that don't wei- nothin' 'll put an edge on a hundred-an'-eighty-pound woman," which led the Spinster to believe that domestic infelicity was not unknown in Hiram's family.

"After hens, did ye say? Why, I've got some hens I'd sell ye—Barred Plymouth Rocks, too; ain't no better. How many d'ye want?"

"How many have you?" asked Peggy, with true Yankee shrewdness. "How many can I keep over there? How much do you want for them?"

"Let ye have 25 or so, and cheap, too," was the answer. "Ain't no need of your chasin' all over town after hens. An' you can't keep no more, 'les ye build a new henhouse."

So, Peggy, finding the hens to her liking, invested thirteen dollars in hens and gave up her "hen-hunt," taking a long walk instead, with the Spinster for company. Across the pasture they went down into the woodsy corner, where grew the young wintergreens and where the Indian-pipe tried to hide under the low bushes of cornel and huckleberry. Then, after resting on the moss-grown stumps of walnut trees they went on until they climbed Benjamin Hill, which commanded a magnificent view for miles all around them.

"Is there anything more inspiring," asked Peggy, "than a mountainous view from one of our New England hill-tops?"

"Doubtless a westerner would say yes, and quote the Rockies to us," returned her aunt. "But this is good enough for me. And now it does seem to drive the crankiness all out of one to stand here and let the good west wind blow across one's face and take deep breaths of this June-sweet air."

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. A.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we open the meeting with a letter from Cherokee Girl, who sends messages to several of our members.

I have just been thinking of a dear song we often sing in Sunday school, Keep on the Sunny Side, and of how necessary it is to our good health and easy minds to always keep on the sunny side.

Then another thought occurs to me, which I deem almost as beneficial in every way. I would not change the music, but would write another song with Keep on the Funny Side, for its theme. I don't believe in taking fun into everything, as there are a few places where fun is neither funny nor appropriate. I have always been able to see the funny side to everyday life, to the fullest extent, and it helps me along. For instance, if once in a year I am late in getting to the store, my employer looks around with an "all gone" expression on his face, like a motherless colt, and says, "a little late this morning, aren't you?"

It nearly convulses me, but I attempt to pull my mouth down at the corners and look serious for two minutes and say: "Yes, I am a little late. I will try not to let it occur again," but I am tempted to, just to see that funny expression take possession of my employer's face again.

I have been going to the store earlier than I need to, but the man never says anything about that. Isn't it funny? Among other funny things we have in this locality are a few funny faces—unconsciously funny—and often, when I see one looking at me across the counter, I want to laugh forgetting for the moment that he or she who has the funny face is there to purchase something and not simply for my amusement.

Each week has a pleasant surprise in store for me when The Blade comes, for there is always one or more extra fine letters from some of the M. G. R.'s. It is always something for me to look forward to through the weary hot days in the early part of the week. I get my paper on Friday, so whether it rains or shines, I am always happy on that day. I have been longing and longing for a peep at a real M. G. R., but should I meet one I should not be recognized as such, since I have no badge. They were all sold before I came into the happy circle. I believe I am near some of the members, although I am far from the dear old Buckeye state where I first saw the light of day.

Bonnie Burnie, I believe we cannot be very far apart. I, too, live in the beautiful state of Oklahoma. How I wish I might meet you.

Fatima, thank you for wishing a personal acquaintance with me. I certainly reciprocate your wish.

Miss Ourl, I know I must be nearer to you than to many of the others Call and see me.

English Lad, I cannot tell you how very interesting your letters have been to me. Write often. You have something to tell, and know how to tell it.

Compositor, let us hear from you again.

Gladys from the Wild Rose state, thank you for breaking in on your narrative to remark that Cherokee's letter was interesting, if by Cherokee you mean Cherokee Girl. The latter is I. Cherokee, you know, means any of these old black fellows around here, full bloods, etc., right from the sticks.

Miss Printer, your reading has been of the best. I enjoyed your letter.

A Mill Worker, your letter was good. I have pleasant memories of a visit to the Keystone state when I was a child.

Grandpa, tell some of your experiences. I believe you, too, live in the wild and woolly west.—Cherokee Girl.

I am going to write of my experience in country life. I was born and raised on a ranch in the vast, treeless plains of the land of the Dakotas. I lived in Dakota for about fifteen years, but in 1906 I came on a long journey to the state of Pennsylvania. My sole reason for coming to the Keystone state was to prepare myself for a better education, and I am succeeding splendidly. I attend an institution during the winter months, but during the summer, I secure work on a farm. For two summers I have lived with the same family, and they are the best kind of people. Their farm is situated a mile from Newton, Penn. It is a small town of about 2,000 inhabitants. I love country life. One cannot help but feel happy and contented in breathing the fresh, sweet scented air when surrounded with the wonderful works of nature.

With all this beauty around you, you cannot help but feel grateful to the Almighty for having given you such a grand opportuntiy as a country life, and I am sure that all the readers who have had experience in the country will agree with me.

In connection with country life I wish to say that it is a school in itself, where one may learn something new each day. It is especially good for young people. If they take an interest in their surroundings they will never be found idle. I think that country homes are places where boys are brought up to respectable manhood and girls to respectable womanhood.—Dakota Bill.

Success to you, Dakota Bill. My, but you have taken a fierce name.—Miss Prudence.

As there are not many letters from Colorado I thought I would send one. First of all, I will give a brief description of the country I live in. Our house is situated in a small valley, with mountains on three sides. One mountain is quite high, but the other two are small. The forests are very dense in some places. The altitude is about 7,200 feet. We are 30 miles from the snowy range, but it looks to be only 10 or 12 miles distant.

We live six miles from the nearest town. Our house is very pretty in the summer time, with the green, climbing vines. There are many pretty wild flowers which we enjoy gathering to press and arrange in books. We raise apples, pears, cherries, plums, raspberries, gooseberries, oats, potatoes, grain, and many of the hardy vegetables. I have lived on a farm all my life, and like farm life pretty well, although I like a change to city life, too.

I am very fond of music, and can play some on the guitar. I like reading also.

The average snowfall here is six inches. Some winters we don't have very much snow, then we usually have heavy storms in the spring.

Do any of the M. G. R.'s like to paint? I have a nice box of water colors which was given to me, and I spend many lonely hours painting. Will someone please send the words to these songs; Drifting Away, and The Girl I Met at the Matinee.—Hilma Rudin.

I have been a silent admirer of the M. G. R.'s for quite awhile, and have never had courage to write, but you seem to be such a gay, happy band, I could not resist the temptation any longer.

As I am somewhere in age between sixteen and a hundred, I consider myself eligible to enter your circle. As to my personal appearance—it is best to say nothing about it. I am afraid you would all become victims of the greeneyed monster if I were to enlarge on my attractions. (A joke.)

Do any of you like to take kodak pictures? I think it is great fun. A short time ago my chum and I went kodaking. We took several comical pictures. In one we were in a tile, with only our heads showing.

I suppose nearly all of the M. G. R.'s are interested in the anti-saloon movement. Our town was greatly agitated over it before the election in April, but, praise God, we voted the saloons out with a majority of 308 votes. This is a small town of only 3,000 inhabitants, and we had eleven saloons. The men of America should be proud to have the power of banishing the liquor traffic from our country.—Harriet Perkins.

I have been looking across Spokane county and have not found out where that cranky, little school teacher is who styles herself Western Witch. Probably she is hidden away in the hills, there are a few around. She would better come out and relate her experiences teaching the young idea. Also give a description of herself as Cherry asks. It is indeed a pleasure to hear from so close a neighbor through The Blade.—English Lad.

I have never seen a letter in the M. G. R. from Harrison, Maine, and I thought I would like to see one. I am a farmer's daughter. I have a father, mother, four brothers, two sisters and a brother-in-law, so we have quite a family when we are all together, but they were all away from home last winter except my father and I. Father cannot milk, so I milk four cows every day.—A Lonely Farmer's Daughter.

In one of our book letters, which you know we have stopped publishing, was this good thought which is worth passing on:

Here is what I believe to be one of the chief requisites for happiness. An honest mind. If we are not so fortunate as to be honest by nature, let us develop the trait. Let us learn to look every situation squarely in the face and see things as they are. Let us strive always to get away from prejudice and creeds, and, in their stead, search diligently for truth.—Trude.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

I can't think of anything to say to you today except, "Howdy?"

Things are lively in the letter line. During the past week we have heard from Susie J. Adkins, Maggie Robinson, An Oregon Farmer's Girl, Wild Rose from Kansas, Black-Eyed Bessie, Blue-Eyed Maud, West Va. Boy, old Dominion Boy, Indi Ana, Miss Gladis, Raul de Coubert, Mt. Boomer, an Ohio Farmer's Daughter, and The Gypsy Queen.

A FAMOUS PAINTING

It is doubtful if there are many who have not seen an engraved copy of the famous picture, portraying the Saviour and his disciples at their last supper. It is a picture which has been scattered far and wide and is hung upon the walls of countless Sunday school rooms. The story of this painting is an interesting one, and goes as follows:

Moldering away on the wall of the old monastery in Milan, Italy, hangs the famous Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. Like every masterpiece, the painting required many years of patient labor, and as a result of that labor it is perfect in its naturalness of expression and sublime in its story of love. In addition to these qualities it has an incident in its history that contributes not a little toward making it the great teacher that it is.

It is said that the artist, in painting the faces of the apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When, however, he was ready to paint the face of Jesus in the picture he could find none that would satisfy his conception; the face that would serve as a model for the face of Christ must be dignified in its simplicity and majestic in its sweetness. After several years of careful search the painter happened to meet one, Pietro Bandinelli, a choir boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to be the study for the painting of the face of Jesus.

All was done most carefully and reverently, but the picture was as yet incomplete, for the face of Judas was absent. Again the painter, with the zeal of a true lover of his art, set about in search of a countenance that might serve for the face of the traitor. Some years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said, "You have painted me before." Horrified and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling, had fallen into shameful dissipation and crime. The face that now was the model for the face of Judas had once been the model for the face of Christ.

THE POETS' CORNER

WE ARE SEVEN.

By William Wordsworth.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
An wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered: "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye be seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen."
The little maid replied:
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was Sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply:
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"—
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said: "Nay, we are seven!"

CHEMISTRY OF NATURE.

Author Unknown.

John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all;
John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher and Paul was a knave.
Evil or good as the case might be,
White or colored, bond or free,
John and Peter, Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements mingled with flame,
Out of life's compound of glory and shame,
God in his wisdom created them all.
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown,
Born by the law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee,
John and Peter, Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

John was the head and part of the state,
Was trusted and honored, and noble and great,
Peter was made with life's burdens to groan,
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own.
Robert great glory and honor received,
For zealously preaching what no one believed.
While Paul of the pleasures of sin took his fill,
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men in their passing away,
From earth and its conflicts all died the same day;
John was mourned through the length and breadth of the land,
Peter fell 'neath the lash of a merciless hand;
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue,
While Paul was convicted of murder, and hung.
Men said of the statesman: "How noble and brave,"
But of Peter, alas! "He was only a slave!"

Of Robert 'tis said with his soul it is well,
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.
Born by one law, through all nature the same,
What made them to differ and who is to blame?
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out where the spirit through sorrow made wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies—
Out where the flesh can no longer control,
The freedom and faith of the God-given soul;
Who shall determine what change shall befall,
John and Peter, Robert and Paul?

John may in wisdom and goodness increase,
Peter rejoice in infinite peace;
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord,
Are more in the spirit and less in the word.
And Paul may be blessed with a holier birth,
Than the passions of men have allowed him on earth.
John and Peter, Robert and Paul,
God in his wisdom cares for them all.

LITTLE BAREFOOT.

Standing where the bleak winds whistle
Round her small and fragile form,
Arms within torn garments nestled,
Standing there at night and morn;
Hundreds passing by unheeding,
'Cept to jostle her aside.
There with bare feet cold and bleeding,
She in tones of anguish cried:
Mister: Please give me a penny,
For I've not got any Pa.
Please, sir, give me just one penny,
I want to buy some bread for Ma!

CHORUS.

While we beg for those with plenty,
And for them to us unknown,
We'll not forget our little "barefoots;"
They are heathens nearer home.

Hailing thus each passing stranger,
As they hurriedly went by,
Some would turn and gaze upon her,
Pity beaming from their eye;
Others cast a frown upon her,
Heeding not the plaintive cry;
I must have some bread for Mother,
Or with hunger she will die;
Mister: Please, give me a penny,
For, I've not got any Pa,
Please, sir, give me just one penny,
I want to buy some bread for Ma!

There, one chilly day in winter,
Barefoot sat upon the pave;
Out stretch'd were her little fingers,
But no pennies did she crave!
There, while begging bread for mother,
Death had chilled her little heart.
Yet, each day, we see some other
Playing Little Barefoot's part
Mister: Please me a penny,
For, I've not got any Pa.
Please, sir, give me just one penny,
I want to buy some bread for Ma!

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY

By Josie R. Hunt.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black, and two eyes blue;
Little girl and boy were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of willow fringed its mossy banks;
Half in thought, and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak.
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill.

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then, tossing back her curls—
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek:
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh:
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where today
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro—
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone.
This is long and deep and wide,
And has—rockers at the side.

JUST AS THE SUN WENT DOWN

After the din of the battle's roar,
Just at the close of day,
Wounded and bleeding upon the field,
Two dying soldiers lay;
One held a ringlet of thin gray hair,
One held a lock of brown,
Bidding each other a last farewell,
Just as the sun went down;
Bidding each other a last farewell,
Just as the sun went down.

One thought of mother, at home alone,
Feeble and old and gray;
One of the sweetheart he left in town,
Happy and young and gay;
One kissed a ringlet of thin gray hair,
One kissed a lock of brown,
Bidding farewell to the stars and stripes
Just as the sun went down;
Bidding farewell to the stars and stripes,
Just as the sun went down.

One knew the joy of a mother's love,
One of a sweetheart fair,
Thinking of home they lay side by side,
Breathing a farewell prayer;
One for his mother so old and gray,
One for his love in town,
They closed their eyes to the earth and skies
Just as the sun went down;
They closed their eyes to the earth and skies
Just as the sun went down.

SWEET BYE AND BYE.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we shall see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS.

In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

We shall sing on the beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirit shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days.

We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.

A LITTLE CHAT.

In connection with the two Will Carleton poems which we have recently published, this extract from one of our readers will surely prove of interest. He writes:

"I have just been to the Chautauqua course at Jackson, Mich., and had the pleasure of hearing Will Carleton give a talk and a reading of some of his poems. I have seldom enjoyed a greater treat. Mr. Carleton has a fine presence, a good voice and manner. He gave both parts of Over the Hill to the Poorhouse. Other selections were Betsy and I Are Out, Gone with a Handsomer Man, and two or three more of his very popular poems.

"Mr. Carleton was criticised by a judge for writing Over the Hill to the Poorhouse in so unnatural a way. It was said that no such case of heartlessness was at all probable. The poet replied: 'Go with me to the poorhouse and I will show you five old ladies in an almost exactly similar condition.'

"'A few weeks after the poem was printed, every one of those old ladies were gone from the poorhouse,' said Mr. Carleton, 'so I may believe the poem did a little good.'

"After the poem, Betsy and I Are Out, had been published a short time, he received a number of letters from various places, saying many cases of 'family jars' had been healed, and separations prevented through the reading of the verses."—Septimo.

Another item that will probably interest those who read the Poets' Corner, is that the poem, Betsy and I Are Out, was first published in The Blade, in the early seventies. It was rescued from the waste basket by the late D. R. Locke, who immediately recognized the merit of the verses, and published them. The poem was very widely copied by other publications, and still remains popular. The printer who set it in type is still in the employ of The Toledo Blade.

Poems received in answer to recent inquiries are: Keep A-Goin', Johnstown Flood, Sacred Spot, and The Children.

Next week we shall have for our leading poem Gray's Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.

We have had several requests for Wordsworth's The Happy Warrior, which was read at the funeral of Grover Cleveland. It will be published as soon as we have time to look for it.

POEMS WANTED.

One of our readers would like to have the song entitled Blue Bells.

The Yankee Doodle Boy is wished for.

SUFFERED 25 YEARS

With Eczema—Her Limb Peeled and Foot Was Raw—Thought Amputation Necessary—Believes

HER LIFE SAVED BY CUTICURA

"I have been treated by doctors for twenty-five years for a bad case of eczema on my leg. They did their best but failed to cure it. My doctor had advised me to have my leg cut off. At this time my leg was peeled from the knee, my foot was like a piece of raw flesh, and I had to walk on crutches. I bought a set of Cuticura Remedies. After the first two treatments the swelling went down, and in two months my leg was cured and the new skin came on. The doctor was surprised and said that he would use Cuticura for his own patients. I have now been cured over seven years, and but for the Cuticura Remedies I might have lost my life. Mrs. J. B. Renaud, 277 Mentana St., Montreal, Que., Feb. 20, 1907."

WILL FIGHT TILL ELECTED

Will Not Quit Before, Declares Dunn in Presenting Nebraskan's Name.

Denver, Colo., July 9.—In presenting the name of William Jennings Bryan to the Democratic national convention today as a candidate for the nomination for the presidency, Ignatius J. Dunn followed in the lead of his predecessors on the platform, and introduced his remarks in praise of the Nebraskan with a caustic criticism of the Republican party.

The trust magnates he called exploiters of the people, declaring "they laid their hands on the trust funds of insurance companies and turned their plunder over to the Republican committee" to purchase Republican victory.

Censures Platform.

The new Republican platform was bitterly censured. Dunn saying "the convention rejected the people and continued its alliance with Mammon." After completing his tirade Dunn turned his remarks to Bryan. In part he said:

Crises arise in the life of nations which endanger their institutions, and, at times, imperil the advance of civilization.

Every people that has left its impress upon history has faced such crises.

In most instances, where grave dangers have threatened the safety of the state, some great character, some master mind has been found, produced as it were by the conditions themselves, with capacity to direct aright the energies of the people. This was true of the ancient world; it has been true of the modern world; it is true of this republic. We have such a crisis to meet today. The corporations have gradually strengthened their hold upon the government until they now menace popular institutions.

The Question.

The question is, whether this government shall be restored to the control of the people and be administered in the interest of all, or whether it shall remain an instrument in the hands of the few for levying tribute upon all the rest.

To wage a successful fight we must have a leader. The Republican party, dominated by the seekers of special privileges, cannot furnish him. Republicans who really desire reform are powerless; the efforts of the President have been futile.

The Democratic party must furnish the leader which present conditions demand, and he must be a man known to be free from the influences that control the Republican party. He must be a man of superior intellect, sound judgment, positive convictions and moral courage—one who will meet the forces of plutocracy with the nerve and fortitude of one who knows no surrender. He must have a genius for statecraft; he must be a man of wide experience in public affairs; he must have ability to formulate policies and courage to defend them.

But above all, he must have faith in the people. He must not only believe in the right of the people to govern, but in their capacity to do so. And he must be a man whom the people know and trust.

The Democratic party has many distinguished men who might be chosen as our standard-bearer, but it has one man who above all others possesses the necessary qualifications and is eminently fitted for this leadership.

He is a man whose nomination will leave no doubt as to where our party will stand on every public question. His genius for statecraft is shown by the constructive work he has done in proposing reforms, and by the ability with which he has fortified his position.

Honesty is inherent in him. He was an honest lawyer before he entered politics. He was honest in his political methods before his statesmanship was recognized by the nation, and he has been honest throughout his political career.

His convictions have been his political creed. He has impressed these convictions upon others, not by dictation, but by arguments addressed to the judgment and the conscience.

Believing in the ultimate triumph of the right, he has never examined questions from the standpoint of expediency. He has never inquired whether a political principle was popular; it has been sufficient for him to believe that it was right.

He has always been the friend of labor, and was among the first to urge conciliation between labor and capital. He began to oppose government by injunction more than a decade ago. He announced his opposition to imperialism before any other man of prominence had expressed himself on the subject, and without waiting to see whether it would be popular.

Through years of unparalleled political warfare his loyalty to his ideals and to his fellowmen has been abundantly shown. His refusal to surrender his convictions, though subjected to abuse, denunciation and vindictive opposition such as few public men in all history have been compelled to withstand, is ample proof of his superb courage.

His career proves that successful leadership is determined by the success or failure of great principles rather than by election to high office.

First nominated when ten years younger than any other presidential candidate ever chosen by a prominent party; living in a state five hundred miles farther west than the in which any President has ever lived, he has grown in the affections of the people as the years have passed.

Without an organization to urge his claims; without a campaign fund to circulate literature in his behalf; without patronage to bribe a single voter; without a predatory corporation to coerce its employes into his support; without the subsidized newspaper to influence the public mind, he has won a signal victory at the primaries and has become the free choice of the militant Democracy of the nation.

Forming in one unbroken phalanx, extending from Massachusetts to California, and from Michigan to the Everglades, the yeomanry of the party have volunteered their services to make him the party candidate, and they will not lay down their arms until they have made him the nation's Chief Executive.

Nebraska's Democracy which saw in him, when a young man, the signs of promise, places in nomination as the standard bearer of our party the man who in the thrilling days of '96 and 1900 bore the battle-scarred banner of Democracy with fame as unsullied and chivalry as spotless as the crusaders of old. Nebraska presents his name because Nebraska claims his dwelling place, and proudly enrolls him among her citizens, but his home is in the hearts of the people.

I obey the command of my state and the mandate of the Democracy of the nation when I offer the name of America's great Commoner, Nebraska's gifted son, William Jennings Bryan.

YELLED FOR BRYAN UNTIL HE LOST HIS FALSE TEETH.

Denver, Colo., July 9.—Many amusing incidents took place yesterday during the Bryan demonstration, but one of the most laughable occurred when the parade of delegates was halted by the loss of a man's false teeth.

The delegate yelled so wildly that his false teeth flew out. They rolled under the press stand. Down he went on his hands and knees to recover his eating machinery, while the parade behind him halted until he had recovered the teeth, clapped them into place, and was ready to yell again for his political faith.

BRYAN ON FIRST BALLOT

Convention Wild at Announcement—Demonstration Results in Panic in Hall.

Denver, Col., July 10.—Superstitious Democrats stopped the clock in Denver's auditorium at midnight last night, and under a pleasant fiction that it was still Thursday, crossed their fingers and at 3:40 o'clock Friday morning nominated William Jennings Bryan for the third time for president of the United States.

He received 892½ votes to 46 for Governor Johnson and 59½ for Judge Gray.

All day yesterday and until far into the night the uneasy delegates beat time while they waited for Bryan's platform to come from the finishing shop, where the resolutions committee of the Democratic national convention spent two full days with smoothing plane and varnish pot to gloss over the rough planks as they came from the shop of the master-builder at Lincoln, Neb. The delegates adopted the platform by unanimous vote but there was no hilarious demonstration of wild enthusiasm displayed over the individual planks on the completed word structure. The Democrats bottled their enthusiasm to let it loose later at night when the leather-lunged spellbinders who seconded the nomination of Bryan shouted the Nebraskan's name.

Another Demonstration.

The reading of the platform by Charles N. Haskell, farmerly of Ohio and now Governor of Oklahoma, was sandwiched in between the nominating speeches. The presentation of Bryan's name of Ignatius Dunn, of Omaha, evoked a tumult of enthusiasm more spontaneous and almost as long as the record breaking noise of the previous day.

For an hour and fifteen minutes, ten thousand flags were waived high in the air, fish horns were tooted, delegates paraded through the aisles and men and women yelled themselves hoarse.

The partisans of John A. Johnson, fewer in number, cheered the presentation of his name for a half hour, and the chairman had to order lights in the hall turned out to stop the bedlam created by the small but enthusiastic advocates of the Minnesota governor. Judge L. I. Handy, of Delaware, was given scant courtesy when he named Judge Gray for the presidency. The supporters of Gray, so few in number, made a brave but pitiable effort to cheer their candidate's name. And then after the platform was out of the way, the delegates and spectators showed they had lung power in reserve and broke out into tumultous applause whenever the name of Bryan was mentioned in seconding speeches.

Few were the states which failed to trot out an orator to make a seconding speech and the night was a continuous talkfest. John J. Lentz, of Columbus, was the spellbinder of the Ohio delegation to second Bryan's nomination.

It was 2 o'clock this morning when he was recognized and he devoted his five minutes to promising the Democrats that Ohio would cast its electoral vote against its own son and for William Jennings Bryan. Lentz's speech was humorous in the light of the day's proceedings in the Ohio delegation.

Johnson Independent.

Delegates friendly to Tom L. Johnson, bitterly angered over his failure to rescind the action taken in electing Harvey C. Garber as national committeeman, were openly declaring that William H. Taft could not be beaten in the Buckeye state, and that Bryan was certain to go down to defeat. There was a report that Mayor Johnson himself had intimated that he was going to be an Independent in politics like Brand Whitlock, of Toledo. Johnson was unable to get enough delegates to sign a call for another meeting, and his elimination as a state and national leader was completed.

The rawest deal ever given a delegate to a national convention was that accorded to Attorney General Straus, of Maryland, who was howled down and driven from the floor when he tried to second the nomination of Governor Johnson. Following this the convention was in an uproar and the delegates objected to hearing more speeches, but a few had the hardihood to face the howling mob and speak their pieces.

Bedlam of Sound.

As the announcement of the Nebraskan's actual nomination was made, the whole assemblage rose en masse waving flags, handkerchiefs, newspapers, hats and coats, anything and everything which hands could lay upon to wave aloft or hurl into the air, while a bedlam of sound poured out from these ten thousand throats in exultant yells, catcalls, Comanche war whoops, with the added din of shrieking horns, the roar of megaphones, and the strains of the band playing an exultant anthem.

When for a moment order could be secured out of this tempestuous chaos of demonstration, state after state which had at first recorded its vote for Johnson or Gray, fell into line with the over-mastering column, and the nomination was made unanimous and by acclamation.

The taking of the vote had been followed with breathless interest, as state after state swelled the Bryan strength. When New York was reached in the call of states the announcement of Chief Murphy, "seventy-eight votes for Bryan," brought out a wild outburst of enthusiastic approval which for a time compelled the suspension of the roll call. A further delay was caused by a demand for a poll of the New York delegation.

Parker Was Silent.

On this poll, many of the New York delegates, including Judge Alton B. Parker, the presidential nominee four years ago, remained silent, but the entire 78 votes of the delegation were cast for Bryan under the "unit rule." Pennsylvania was similarly called, after sharp disagreement within the delegation and the vote of Pennsylvania as finally cast was divided.

The convention adjourned at 3:50 o'clock this morning until 1 p. m., after having been in session continuously for more than eight hours. As the delegates and spectators left the hall, the echoes of enthusiasm continued to reverbrate throughout the building while crowds outside took up the shout and bore it along the dark and silent streets, awakened the city just as the first pale rays of dawn were breaking in the east, with the resounding chorus of "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan."

Listened to Oratory.

Prior to the culminating scene in the convention hall when the nomination of Bryan was made, the assemblage had listened for hours to the oratory of nominating speakers, who moved them frequently to outbursts of feverish excitement. It had been expected that the platform would be ready for adoption at 7 o'clock in the evening, when the night session began. But at that hour the committee on resolutions was still struggling with the planks relating to the currency, the tariff, the Mormon question, and other important subjects.

A committee appointed by the convention to learn how soon the platform would be ready, reported that it would be midnight before the document was ready for the consideration of the convention. Thereupon, on motion of Congressman Ollie James, of Kentucky, the regular order of procedure was suspended, and the convention proceeded to call the roll of states for nominations for the presidency, with the understanding that the nominating and seconding speeches would be made without a final vote until the platform had been adopted.

At 9 o'clock the nominating speeches began, and delegates and spectators were stirred with eager expectancy as the supreme and long-deferred work of nominating the presidential candidate was begun.

Alabama, the first state on the roll call, yielded to Nebraska, the home state of Bryan, whose spokesman, the youthful orator, Ignatius J. Dunn, of Omaha, advanced to the platform.

Dunn's speech was the signal for a demonstration which lasted 45 minutes.

At times it assumed such proportions of madness as the excited throngs rushed through the aisles toward the platform, that there was serious danger of panic. Men and women were bowled over in the mad onrush of flag-bearing enthusiasts. One woman fainted and was carried from the hall.

The nomination of Governor Johnson of Minnesota, precipitated another whirlwind of excitement, if not so long sustained, hardly less enthusiastic than for Bryan.

The Gray nomination also received its full share of enthusiastic approval, although the nominating speech of Irving L. Handy, of Delaware, was frequently interrupted by the impatient crowd, and finally by the arrival of the committee on resolutions bearing the completed platform.

It was after midnight when the nominating speeches were temporarily suspended to receive the report of the committee.

It will always be a question whether Bryan was nominated, officially, on Friday, according to the big clock in the convention hall it was still a few minutes before midnight on Thursday, the 9th of July.

It was a superstitious sergeant-at-arms who arranged for the week without a Friday, and he put his idea into effect without consulting any one. Having accomplished his purpose, the cheers of the Democrats assembled proved the unanimous adoption of the sergeant's mental resolution.

When the hands of the clock in the auditorium last night pointed close to the hour of twelve, the superstitious sergeant climbed to the top of the railing oposite the speaker's platform and stopped time in its flight. The cheers which followed indicated that the assembly and visitors did not want to see important business transacted on Friday.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, perhaps the most interested person in the assemblage, remained during the entire night.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Of Lincoln, Neb., Democratic Nominee for President of the United States.

CAREER OF WILLIAM J. BRYAN

William Jennings Bryan, born Salem, Ill., March 19, 1860.
Graduated at Illinois college, Jacksonville, in 1881.
Graduated at Union College of Law, Chicago, 1883.
Practiced law at Jacksonville from 1883 to 1887, when he removed to Lincoln, Neb.
Elected to congress in 1890, and again in 1892.
From 1894 to 1896 was editor of the Omaha World-Herald.
In 1896 was nominated for the presidency by the Democratic national convention at Chicago, and also by the People's party and Free Silver Republicans on the 16 to 1 platform.
Defeated at the polls by William McKinley.
During the war with Spain he was colonel of a Nebraska regiment of volunteers, but saw no field service.
In 1900 was presidential candidate of the Democrats, Populists and Free Silver Republicans upon an anti-imperialistic and anti-trust platform.
Was again defeated by William McKinley.
Soon after the election he established The Commoner, his political weekly.
He wrote "The First Battle; a Story of the Campaign of 1896," which contains some of his speeches and a biographical sketch of his life; besides he publishes numerous articles in periodicals.

CHEERS FOR PLATFORM

Democratic Convention Adopts Declaration of Principles by Rousing Unanimous Vote.

Denver, Col., July 10.—After more than 54 hours of almost continuous session, the committee on resolutions last night, at 11:20 o'clock, concluded its work on the platform, and after a period of revision and rearrangement of sections, the members of the committee, headed by the chairman, Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, with the document under his arm, started for the convention hall. After the last plank had been agreed upon, Senator Daniel, of Virginia, and ex-Senator Smith, of New Jersey, announced their intention to support the nominee of the convention on the platform agreed upon.

Spirited Debate.

One of the most spirited debates arose over an amendment offered by ex-United States Senator James Smith, of New Jersey, suggesting the necessity of recognizing the cost of labor in reducing the tariff schedule. The provision was sharply criticised as undemocratic, and after several hours' debate was withdrawn by its introducer, it was said, upon telegraphic request from Mr. Bryan.

Governor Haskell made the report to the convention, announcing at the outset that it was presented as the unanimous view of the committee, the entire membership of which ranged themselves on the platform, flanking Governor Haskell as an evidence of their united attitude.

The enunciation of party principles was received with close attention and with frequent demonstrations of assent. The provision concerning injunctions was punctuated by applause, and at its conclusion a ringing cheer went up from delegates and spectators. The provisions concerning trusts, railway regulation, income tax and various other provisions awakened lively approbation.

The platform was adopted by a rousing unanimous vote.

The Platform.

The platform in full is as follows:

We, the representatives of the Democrats of the United States, in national convention assembled, reaffirm our belief in and pledge our loyalty to the principles of the party.

We rejoice at the increasing signs of an awakening throughout the country. The various investigations have traced graft and political corruption to the representatives of predatory wealth and laid bare the unscrupulous methods by which they have debauched elections and preyed upon a defenseless public through the subservient officials whom they have raised to place and power.

The conscience of the nation is now aroused to free the government from the grip of those who have made it a business asset of the favor seeking corporations; it must become again a people's government, and be administered in all its departments according to the Jeffersonian maxim of "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

"Shall the people rule?" is the overshadowing issue which manifests itself in all the questions now under discussion.

Labor and Injunctions.

The courts of justice are the bulwarks of our liberties, and we yield to none in our purpose to maintain their dignity. Our party has given to the bench a long line of distinguished judges, who have added to the respect and confidence in which this department must be jealousy maintained. We resent the attempt of the Republican party to raise false issues respecting the judiciary. It is an unjust reflection upon a great body of our citizens to assume that they lack respect for the courts.

It is the function of the courts to interpret the laws which the people create, and if the laws appear to work economic, social or political injustice, it is our duty to change them. The only basis upon which the integrity of our courts can stand is that of unswerving justice and protection of life, personal liberty and property. If judicial processes may be abused, we should guard them against abuse.

Experience has proven the necessity of a modification of the present law relating to injunctions, and we reiterate the pledge of our national platforms of 1896 and 1904 in favor of the measures which passed the United States senate in 1896, but which a Republican congress has ever since refused to enact, relating to contempts in federal courts, and providing for trial by jury in cases of indirect contempt.

Want Impartiality.

Questions of judicial practice have arisen especially in connection with industrial disputes. We deem that the parties to all judicial proceedings should be treated with rigid impartiality, and that injunctions should not be issued in any case in which injunctions would not be issued if no industrial disputes were involved.

The expanding organizations of industry makes it essential that there should be no abridgement of the right of wage earners and producers to organize for the protection of wages and the improvement of labor conditions to the end that such labor organizations and their members should not be regarded as illegal combinations in restraint of trade.

We favor the eight-hour day on all government work.

We pledge the Democratic party to the enactment of a law by congress, as far as the federal jurisdiction extends, for a general employers' liability act covering injury to body or loss of life of employes.

We pledge the Democratic party to the enactment of a law creating a department of labor, represented separately in the President's cabinet, which department shall include the subject of mines and mining.

Arbitrary Power of Speaker.

The house of representatives was designed by the fathers of the constitution to be the popular branch of our government, responsive to the public will.

The house of representatives, as controlled in recent years by the Republican party, has ceased to be a deliberative and legislative body, responsive to the will of a majority of its members, but has come under the absolute domination of the speaker, who has entire control of its deliberations and powers of legislation.

We have observed with amazement the popular branch of our federal government helpless to obtain either the consideration or enactment of measures desired by a majority of its members.

Legislative government becomes a failure when one member, in the person of the speaker, is more powerful than the entire body.

We demand that the house of representatives shall again become a deliberative body, controlled by a majority of the people's representatives and not by the speaker, and we pledge ourselves to adopt such rules and regulations to govern the house of representatives as will enable a majority of its members to direct its deliberations and control legislation.

Publicity of Campaign Contributions.

We demand federal legislation forever terminating the partnership which has existed between corporations of the country and the Republican party under the expressed or implied agreement that in return for the contribution of great sums of money wherewith to purchase elections, they should be allowed to continue substantially unmolested in their efforts to encroach upon the rights of the people.

Any reasonable doubt as to the existence of this relation has been forever dispelled by the sworn testimony of witnesses examined in the insurance investigation in New York and the open admission unchallenged by the Republican national committee of a single individual, that he himself, at the personal request of the Republican candidate for the presidency, raised over a quarter of a million of dollars to be used in a single state during the closing hours of the last campaign. In order that this practice shall be stopped for all time, we demand the passage of a statute punishing with imprisonment any officer of a corporation who shall either contribute on behalf of, or consent to the contribution from the corporation of any money or thing of value to be used in furthering the election of a President or vice president of the United States or of any member of the congress thereof.

We denounce the action of the Republican party having complete control of the federal government, for its failure to pass the bill, introduced in the last congress, to compel the publication of the names of contributors and the amounts contributed toward campaign funds, and point to the evidence of their insincerity, when they sought by an absolutely irrelevant and impossible amendment to defeat the passage of the bill. As a further evidence of their intention to conduct the campaign in the coming contest with vast sums of money wrested from favor-seeking corporations, we call attention to the fact that the recent Republican national convention at Chicago refused, when the plank was presented to it, to declare against such practices.

We pledge the Democratic party to the enactment of a law preventing any corporation contributing to a campaign fund and any individual from contributing an amount above a reasonable minimum and providing for the publication before election of all such contributions above a reasonable minimum."

Railroad Regulations.

We assert the right of congress to exercise complete control over interstate commerce, and the right of each state to exercise like control over commerce within its borders.

We demand such enlargement of the powers of the interstate commerce commission as may be necessary to compel railroads to perform their duties as common carriers and prevent discrimination and extortion.

We favor the efficient supervision and rate regulation of railroads engaged in interstate commerce to the end, and we recommend the valuation of railroads by the interstate commerce commission, such valuation to take into consideration the physical value of the property, the original cost and cost of reproduction and all elements of value that will render the valuation fair and just.

We favor such legislation as will prohibit the railroads from engaging in business which brings them into competition with their shippers, also legislation which will assure such reduction in transportation rates as conditions will permit, carefully being taken to avoid reductions that would compel a reduction of wages, prevent adequate service or do injustice to legitimate investments. We heartily approve the laws prohibiting the pass and the rebate, and we favor any further necessary legislation to restrain, control and prevent such abuses.

We favor such legislation as will increase the power of the interstate commerce commission, giving to it the initiative with reference to rates and transportation charges put into effect by the railroad companies, and permitting the interstate commerce commission, on its own initiative to declare a rate illegal and as being more than should be charged for such service. That the present law relating thereto is inadequate is shown by reason of the fact that the interstate commerce commission is without power to fix or investigate a rate until complaint has been made to it by the shipper. We further declare that all agreements of traffic or other associations by railway agents affecting interstate rates, service or classification, shall be unlawful unless filed with and approved by the interstate commerce commission.

We favor the enactment of a law giving to the interstate commerce commission the power to inspect proposed railroad tariff rates or schedules before they shall take effect, and if they are found to be unreasonable, to initiate an adjustment thereof.

The Rights of States.

Believing, with Jefferson, in "the support of the state governments in all their rights as the most competent administration for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwark against anti-Republican tendencies," and in "the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and our safety abroad," we are opposed to the centralization implied in these suggestions, now frequently made, that the powers of the general government should be extended by judicial construction. There is no twilight zone between the nation and the state in which exploiting interests can take refuge from both; and it is as necessary that the federal government shall exercise the powers delegated to it as it is that the state governments shall use the authority reserved to them, but we insist that federal remedies for the regulation of interstate commerce and for the prevention of private monopoly shall be added to, not substituted for state remedies.

Economy in Administration.

The Republican congress, in session just ended, has made appropriations amounting to $1,008,000,000, exceeding the total expenditures of the past fiscal year by $90,000,000, leaving a deficit of more than $60,000,000 for the fiscal year. We denounce the needless waste of the people's money which has resulted in this appalling increase as a shameful violation of all prudent conditions of government, as no less than a crime against the millions of workingmen and women from whose earnings the great proportion of these colossal sums must be extorted through excessive tariff exactions and other indirect methods. It is not surprising that, in view of this shocking record, the Republican platform contains no reference to economical administration or promise thereof in the future. We demand that a stop be put to this frightful extravagance and insist upon the strictest economy in every department compatible with frugal and efficient administration.

Office Holders.

Coincident with the enormous increase in expenditures is a like addition to the number of office holders. During the past year 23,784 were added, costing $16,156,000, and in the past six years of the Republican administration the total number of the new offices created, aside from many commissions, has been 99,319, entailing an additional expenditure of nearly $70,000,000, as against only 10,279 new offices created under the Cleveland and McKinley administrations, which involved an expenditure of only $6,000,000. We denounce this great and growing increase in the number of office holders as not only unnecessary and wasteful, but also as clearly indicating a deliberate purpose on the part of the administration to keep the Republican party in power at public expense by thus increasing the number of its retainers and dependents. Such procedure we declare to be no less dangerous and corrupt than the open purchasing of votes at the polls.

Banking.

The panic of 1907, coming without any legitimate excuse, when the Republican party had for a decade been in complete control of the federal government, furnishes additional proof that it is either unwilling or incompetent to protect the interests of the general public. It has so linked its destiny to Wall street that the sins of the speculators are visited upon the whole people. While refusing to rescue wealth producers from spoliation at the hands of the stock gamblers and speculators in farm products, it has deposited treasury funds, without interest and without competition, in favorite banks. It has used an emergency for which it is largely responsible to force through congress a bill changing the basis of bank currency and inviting market manipulation, and has failed to give to the fifteen million depositors of the country protection in their savings. We believe that insofar as the needs of commerce require an emergency currency, such currency should be issued, controlled and directed by the government and loaned on adequate security to national and state banks. We pledge ourselves to legislation under which the national banks shall be required to establish a guaranty fund for the prompt payment of the depositors of any insolvent national bank under an equitable system which shall be available to all state banking institutions wishing to use it.

We favor a postal bank if the guaranteed bank cannot be secured and that it be constituted so as to keep the deposited money in the communities where it is established.

But we condemn the policy of the Republican party in proposing postal savings banks under a plan of conduct by which they will aggregate the deposits of rural communities and redeposit the same in government charge in the banks of Wall street thus depleting the circulating medium of the producing regions and unjustly favoring the speculative markets.

Misuse of Patronage.

We condemn, as a violation of the spirit of our institutions, the action of the present chief executive in using the patronage of his high office to secure the nomination of one of his cabinet officers. A forced succession in the presidency is scarcely less repugnant to public sentiment than is life tenure in that office. No good intention on the part of the chief executive, and no virtue in the one selected, can justify the establishment of a dynasty. The right of the people to freely select their officials is inalienable and cannot be delegated.

Protection of American Citizens.

We pledge ourselves to insist upon the just and lawful protection of our citizens at home and abroad and to use all proper methods to secure for them, whether native born or naturalized, and without distinction of race or creed, the equal protection of law and the enjoyment of all rights and privileges open to them under our treaty and if, under existing treaties, the right of travel and sojourn is denied to American citizens or recognition is withheld from American passports by any country, on the ground of race or creed, we favor such prompt negotiations with the governments of such countries to secure the removal of these unjust discriminations.

We demand that all over the world a duly authenticated passport issued by the government of the United States to an American citizen shall be proof of the fact that he is an American citizen, and shall entitle him to the treatment due him as such.

Tariff.

We welcome the belated promise of tariff reform now affected by the Republican party through the recognition of the righteousness of the Democratic position on this question; but these people cannot safely entrust the execution of this important work to a party which is so deeply obligated to the highly protected interests as is the Republican party. We call attention to the significant fact that the promised relief was postponed until after the coming election—an election to succeed in which the Republican party must have that same support from the beneficiaries of the high protective tariff as it has always afforded heretofore received from them; and to the further fact that during years of uninterrupted power, no action whatever has been taken by the Republican congress to correct the admittedly existing tariff iniquities.

We favor immediate revision of the tariff by the reduction of import duties. Articles entering into competition with trust controlled products should be placed upon the free list; and material reductions should be made in the tariff upon the necessaries of life, especially upon articles competing with such American manufactures as are sold abroad more cheaply than at home; and graduate reductions should be made in such other schedules as may be necessary to restore the tariff to a revenue basis.

Existing duties have given to the manufacturers of paper a shelter behind which they have organized combinations to raise the price of pulp and of paper, thus imposing a tax upon the spread of knowledge. We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on wood pulp, paper, lumber, timber and logs and that these articles be placed upon the free list.

Trusts.

A private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. We therefore favor the vigorous enforcement of the criminal law against guilty trust magnates and officials and demand the enactment of such additional legislation as may be necessary to make it impossible for a private monopoly to exist in the United States. Among the additional remedies we specify three. First, a law preventing a duplication of directors among competing corporations; second, a license system which will, without abridging the right of each state to create corporations or its right to regulate as it will foreign corporations doing business within its limits, make it necessary for a manufacturing or trading corporation engaged in interstate commerce to take out a federal license before it shall be permitted to control as much as twenty-five per cent of the product in which it deals, the license to protect the public from watered stock and to prohibit the control by such corporation of more than fifty per cent of the total amount of any product consumed in the United States, and third, a law compelling such licensed corporations to sell to all purchasers in all parts of the country on the same terms, after making due allowance for cost of transportation.

Income Tax.

We favor an income tax as part of our revenue system, and we urge the submission of a constitutional amendment specifically authorizing congress to levy and collect a tax upon individual and corporate incomes, to the end that wealth may bear its proportionate share of the burdens of the federal government.

Merchant Marine.

We believe in the upbuilding of the American and merchant marine without new or additional burdens upon the people and without bounties from the public treasury.

The Navy.

The constitutional provision that a navy shall be provided and maintained means an adequate navy, and we believe that the interests of this country would be best served by having a navy sufficient to defend the coasts of this country and protect American citizens wherever their rights may be in jeopardy.

Civil Service.

The laws pertaining to the civil service should be honestly and rigidly enforced to the end that merit and ability shall be the standard of appointment and promotion rather than services rendered to a political party.

Pensions.

We favor a generous pension policy, both as a matter of justice to the surviving veterans and their dependents, and because it tends to relieve the country of the necessity of maintaining a large standing army.

Health Bureau.

We advocate the organization of all existing national public health agencies into a national bureau of public health, with such power over sanitary conditions connected with factories, mines, tenements, child labor and such other subjects as are properly within the jurisdiction of the federal government and do not interfere with the power of the states controlling public health agencies.

Agricultural and Mechanical Education.

The Democratic party favors the extension of agricultural, mechanical and industrial eduaction. We therefore favor the establishment of district agricultural experiment stations, the secondary agricultural and mechanical colleges in the several states.

Popular Election of Senator.

We favor the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, and regard this reform as the gateway to other national reforms.

Oklahoma.

We welcome Oklahoma to the sisterhood of states, and heartily congratulate her on the auspicious beginning of a great career.

Arizona and New Mexico.

The national Democratic party has for the past sixteen years labored for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as separate states of the federal union, and, recognizing that each possesses every qualification to successfully maintain separate state government, we favor the immediate admission of these territories as separate states.

Grazing Lands.

The establishment of rules and regulations, if any such are necessary, in relation to free grazing upon the public lands outside of forests or other reservations, until the same shall eventually be disposed of, should be left to the people of the states respectively in which such lands may be situated.

Alaska and Porto Rico.

We demand for the people of Alaska and Porto Rico the full enjoyment of the rights and privileges of a territorial form of government, and the officials appointed to administer the government of all our territories and the District of Columbia should be thoroughly qualified by previous bona fide residence.

Philippines.

We condemn the experiment in imperialism as an inexcusable blunder which has involved us in an enormous expense, brought us weakness instead of strength, and laid our nation open to the charge of abandoning a fundamental doctrine of self-government. We favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranteed by us as we guarantee the independence of Cuba, until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other powers, in recognizing the independence of the Philippines our government should retain such land as is necessary for coaling stations and naval bases.

Hawaii.

We favor the application of principles of the land laws of the United States to our newly acquired territory of Hawaii, to the end that the public lands of that territory may be held and utilized for the benefit of bona fide homesteaders.

Panama Canal.

We believe the Panama canal will prove of great value to our country, and favor its speedy completion.

Pan-American Relations.

The Democratic party recognizes the importance and advantage of developing closer ties of Pan-American friendship and commerce between the United States and her sister nations of Latin America, and favors the taking of such steps consistent with Democratic policies for better acquaintance, greater mutual confidence, and larger exchange of trade, as will bring lasting benefit not only to the United States, but to this portion of American republics having constitutional form of government, ambitions and interests akin to our own.

Asiatic Immigration.

We favor full protection, by both national and state governments within their respective spheres, of all foreigners residing in the United States under treaty, but are opposed to the admission of Asiatic immigrants who cannot be amalgamated with our population, or whose presence among us would raise a race issue and involve us in diplomatic controversies with oriental powers.

Foreign Patents.

We believe that where an American citizen holds a patent in a foreign country is compelled to manufacture his patent within a certain time, similar restrictions should be applied in this country to the citizens or subjects of such a country.

Telegraph and Telephone.

We pledge the Democratic party to the enactment of law to regulate the rates and service of telegraph and telephone companies engaged in the transmission of messages between the states, under the jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission.

Post Roads.

We favor federal aid to state and local authorities in the construction and maintenance of post rads.

Waste of Natural Resources.

We repeat the demand for internal development and for the conservation of our natural resources contained in previous platforms, the enforcement of which Mr. Roosevelt has vainly sought from a reluctant party, and to that end we insist upon the preservation, protection and replacement of needed forests, the proper action of the public domain for homeseekers, the protection of the natural resources in timber, coal, iron and oil against monopolistic control, the development of our waterways for navigation and every other useful purpose, including the irrigation of arid lands, the reclamation of swamp lands, the clarification of streams, the development of water power and the preservation of electric power generated by this natural force from the control of monopoly; and, to such ends we urge the exercise of all powers, national, state and municipal, both separately and in co-operation.

We insist upon a policy of administration of our forest reserve, which shall relieve it of the abuses which have arisen thereunder, and which shall, as far as practicable, conform to the police regulations of the several states wherever they are located which shall enable homesteaders as of right to occupy and acquire title to all portions thereof which are especially adapted to agriculture, and which shall furnish a system of timber sales available as well to the private citizen as to the larger manufacturer and consumer.

KERN BY ACCLAMATION

Indianapolis Attorney Is Democracy's Choice for the Vice Presidency.

Democratic National Convention Adjourns and Fight for Votes Is On.

Denver, Colo., July 11.—The Democratic national convention concluded its labor late yesterday afternoon by the nomination of John Worth Kern, of Indiana, for vice president, completing the ticket on which William Jennings Bryan was made the nominee for president during the early hours of the morning.

The nomination of Kern was made by acclamation amid the resounding cheers of delegates and spectators. No ballot was necessary as the tide of sentiment had set irresistibly toward the Indiana candidate, state after state registering their delegations in his favor, and all other candidates withdrawing before the universal demand for his nomination.

Others Presented.

The convention, after adjourning at daylight with the nomination of Mr. Bryan, resumed its session at 1 p. m. with a powerful undercurrent already in motion toward the nomination of Kern for second place. On the call of states Indiana presented the name of Kern; Colorado, through former governor Thomas, placed in nomination Charles A. Towne, of New York; Connecticut presented Archibald McNeill, and Georgia presented Clark Howell.

The names of Judge George Gray, of Delaware, and of John Mitchell, of Illinois, were not presented, owing to the explicit requests of these gentlemen not to have their names go before the convention.

For a time it looked as though a ballot would be required. But the steady line of states which joined in seconding Kern's nomination soon made it apparent that the chances of all other candidates had been extinguished. Mr. Towne, in person, was the first candidate to recognize the decisive nature of the Kern movement; and, in a ringing speech, he withdrew his name from consideration and pledged his support to the ticket of Bryan and Kern. Withdrawals quickly followed from the supporters of Howell, of Georgia, and McNeill, of Connecticut, leaving the Indiana candidate alone in the field.

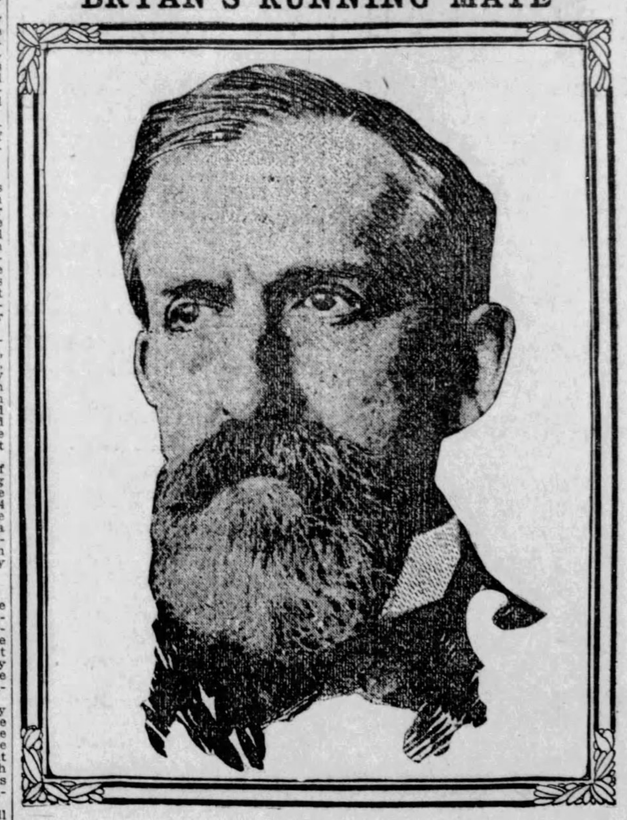
Made by Acclamation.

The withdrawal of the Connecticut candidate was accompanied by a motion that the nomination of Kern be made by acclamation. The motion was carried with a deafening shout, and the great assemblage broke into clamorous demonstration on the accomplishment of its work and the completion of the Democratic national ticket.

The nomination was made at 4:23 o'clock, and the convention thereupon adjourned without delay.

The throngs of delegates and spectators are scattering for their homes and every train is bearing away thousands from the eventful scenes of the Denver convention.

BRYAN'S RUNNING MATE



JOHN W. KERN.

Indianapolis, July 11.—John W. Kern was born Dec. 20, 1849, at the village of Alto, Howard county, Indiana. His father, Dr. Jacob W. Kern, was a Virginian by birth, who removed to Shelby county, Indiana, in 1836, and lived there until 1846, when he moved into the new northern country.

John Kern's mother was Nancy Liggett, and she and Dr. Kern were married in Warren county, Ohio. In 1854, when John was five years old, the family removed to Warren county, Iowa. From the time he went to Iowa until he was fifteen years old he did not see a railroad train. The family moved back to Howard county in 1864.

Studied Law.

In the '60s, while still in Iowa, Mrs. Kern died. Two children were left, John and his sister, who is now Mrs. Isaac Engel, of Danville, Va. John was educated in the district schools and he continued this education by attending the Indiana Normal school of Kokomo, Ind., riding horseback ten miles each way every day. Later he taught school near Alto. He earned money to enter Ann Arbor, graduating from the law department of Michigan university in 1869. He immediately began practicing in Kokomo, Ind.

He was "drafted" when he was twenty-one years old to make the race for the legislature in the Republican county of Howard, but was defeated. He was chosen city attorney of Kokomo for six terms over Republican aspirants. In 1884 he was elected reporter of the supreme court.

Since then Indianapolis has been his home, where he practiced law. He has worked in every campaign, served the county in the legislature and was the leader of his party in the state senate. He was city attorney under the last two administrations of Mayor Thomas Taggart, from October, 1897, to October, 1901. In 1900, and again in 1904, he was nominated for governor, but was defeated. Before the St. Louis convention of four years ago Mr. Kern's name had been prominently mentioned among the vice presidential possibilities. In 1905 he received the party's complimentary vote for the senatorship.

**Conspicuous Fig

MANY WILLING TO RUN

Wright Declines Prohibition Presidential Nomination, but Material Is Abundant.

Columbus, O., July 14.—Today opened up lively for the Prohibitionists with delegations from various states arriving and being escorted to their respective hotels by a band headed by a gaily decorated water wagon, drawn by four milk-white horses and attached to the rear, a mule bearing big placard "Missouri, 2-3 dry." The state convention opened at 8:30 o'clock, but there was more interest in the arrival of the national delegates than in the state meeting.

H. L. Peeke, of Sandusky, is not presiding as chairman of the state meeting because of an alleged lack of judiciousness on his key note speech as temporary chairman of the convention. Mr. Peeke lost the honor of presiding as permanent chairman and E. Jay Pinney, of Cleveland, was picked for that place.

Attacks Churches.

Mr. Peeke's attack on the churches and the anti-saloon league and against woman suffrage is the subject of bitter comment today. He declared that "decayed preachers" were making their living out of the anti-saloon league and charged the churches with insincerity because they do not support the prohibitionists. Not only was Mr. Peeke refused the honor of presiding as permanent chairman but it was said today that they will decline to name him as one of the members of the national committee from Ohio.

The refusal of Seaborn Wright, of Georgia, to allow his name to come before the convention as a candidate for president left the delegates very much at sea as to candidates, but certainly not for lack of material.

A new boom makes its appearance every two or three hours.

Start Scanlon Boom.

A vigorous movement in behalf of Prof. Charles S. Scanlon, of Pittsburg, for the presidential nomination is the lateet development. Prof. Scanlon is the field representative of a ten-cent ance society of the Presbyterian church. He led the fight against the indorsement of the Anti-Saloon league at the meeting of the Presbyterian general assembly in this city a year ago.

Other candidates for first place whose names are receiving consideration are F. P. Wheeler, of Los Angeles; Daniel R. Sheen, of Peoria; Alfred Mannierre, of New York, and Joseph P. Tracey, of Detroit. Others in the race are George R. Stuart, of Tennessee; Rev. A. B. Leonard, secretary of the Home Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church; J. M. Cantrill, of Dallas, and P. W. Palmore, of St. Louis. Seeborn Wright, of Georgia, who had been mentioned for the presidential nomination last night issued a statement refusing the use of his name.

One for Second Place.

Up to the present time but one candidate for vice president has appeared. Prof. A. S. Watkins, of Ada, O., is a candidate for this place.

There is a strong sentiment among some of the leaders who are already on the ground in favor of confining the national platform to the issue of prohibition. It is the general opinion that the platform will be brief, whatever scope may be given to its declarations.

TEN SHOCKED BY ONE BOLT

Lightning Followed Shafting—Three Seriously Hurt.

Butler, Pa., July 14.—During a severe electrical storm last night 100 men employed at the Pittsburg-Hickson Bed company, were shocked by lightning. Three men were seriously injured. The current followed the shafting shocking every man at the machines.

KOREANS BEING WATCHED

Reported to Be Studying Our War Tactics.

Denver, July 14.—Secret service men are said to be watching the Korean patriotic convention in the chapel of Grace Methodist church, in this city, because of a report that the foreigners came to this country to learn army and war tactics for use in freeing their country from the domination of Japan, but there was no indication of such a purpose in yesterday's proceedings, which were entirely peaceful.

SHAH MAKES AN APOLOGY

Sorry He Surrounded German Legation with Cossacks.

Berlin, July 11.—A dispatch from Teheran today reads as follows:

"The Persian minister of foreign affairs today read a written apology for the shah to the minister in the legation building in connection with the recent surrounding of the legation by Cossacks. All the members of the legation were present in full uniform. The apology was signed by the shah and sealed with his seal.

There are still many refugees at the legation.

CONSUL DIES SUDDENLY.

Thomas Haskins, New Appointee, Dead in China.

Pekin, July 13.—Thomas W. Haskins, the newly appointed American consul at Swatow, died suddenly at Pei Tai Ho, a seaside resort.

Thomas W. Haskins was appointed from California. His first service was as student interpreter in China July 18, 1902. He was appointed assistant Chinese secretary to the legation to China July 4, 1904. The state department at Washington on July 8 last announced his appointment as consul at Swatow.

SHERMAN AT HIS OFFICE

Candidate Will Undergo Operation in 10 Days or So.

Utica, N. Y., July 11.—James S. Sherman, the Republican vice presidential candidate, was well enough today to visit his business office and remain there an hour. He expects a visit from Chairman Hitchcock, of the national committe, some time next week. It is announced that Mr. Sherman will be operated on in one of the hospitals in this city, probably 10 days or two weeks hence.

DEATH ENDS MAN HUNT

Posse Finds Gross' Body on Floor of His Own Home. Brother Is Dead.

Benton Harbor, Mich., July 14.—August Gross, who yesterday shot and fatally wounded Charles Kirk, an aged meat peddler, for no apparent reason, was found dead on the floor of his house when the posse which had surrounded it last night forced an entrance today. Gross had shot himself some time during the night. Kirk is still alive today, but in critical condition. During the night Gross and the posse frequently exchanged shots.

The body of Fred Gross, a half brother of August, was also found in the house by the officers. It is not yet known whether he was killed by shots from the posse or by his brother, August, or whether he committed suicide.

How the shooting occurred is not clearly known. Kirk is a country meat peddler, catering to the wants of rural customers. As is customary with him, he drove into the Gross yard to make a delivery. Gross is said to have rushed out of the house brandishing a revolver. Pointing the weapon at the aged farmer he pulled the trigger. When the smoke died away Kirk lay on the ground with a ragged bullet hole in his cheek. The lead, took an upward course, lodging somewhere in his brain. The wounded man has been unconscious since the shooting and his death is expected at any hour.

TABREZ IS BOMBARDED

Another Battle Occurs at Seat of Trouble in Persia.

St. Petersburg, July 14.—A telegram received here from Tabriz states that the bombardment with two guns of the city began yesterday morning. The revolutionists replied with a heavy rifle fire. The result of this engagement has not yet been reported.

MANY DIE IN A STORM

Gales Cause Havoc Among Spanish Fishing Fleet.

Reported More Than 30 Men Drowned and Three Vessels Wrecked.

Santander, Spain, July 14.—Heavy gales have caused havoc among the fishing fleet along the coast. Three fishing vessels are reported wrecked and more than thirty of the men drowned. No word has been received of a number of boats that have been out for a considerable length of time.

EX-SLAVE DEAD AT 109.

New London, Conn., July 14.—Peter Hull, an ex-slave who was born at St. John, Fla., on March 23, 1799, died here yesterday at the age of 109 years.

He came to this city with his parents and brothers and sisters about sixty-five years ago, after their freedom had been purchased by their own industry.

TWO KILLED BY WHITECAPS

Man and His Daughter Are Shot Down.

Culbertson, Mont., July 9.—White caps killed John A. Hays and his eight-year-old daughter at a claim about ten miles north of Culbertson yesterday. The claim where the shooting occurred was occupied by Walter Long, a bachelor.

Several months ago the Hays family during Long's absence moved their shack from the claim they were occupying onto the Walter Long claim. Since that time both claimants have occupied the same tract of land. Frequent quarrels in which violence has been threatened, culminated yesterday when the white caps went to the Hays home and began shooting. The little girl was shot while her mother was trying to get her to a place of safety in the house.

DISTILLERS LOSE AGAIN,

But Can Still Renew Fight on Revenue Rules.

Cincinnati, O., July 8.—The suit of the distillers to enjoin the internal revenue officials against the new branding and marking rules met with another defeat late yesterday when United States Circuit Judge Lurton declined to grant a rehearing to the whisky interests here in their injunction case against the commissioner of internal revenue to prevent enforcement of the new rules under which "spirits" will be marked as alcohol. Judge Lurton said that if he did take a hand at this time it would disqualify him should the matter ever be presented to the court of appeals, over which he presided, and the work of which he prefers to leave distinct from his circuit court matters. The motion for a rehearing may be made again "without prejudice."

THAW CASE IS ADJOURNED

Will Not Be Called Until in September.

White Plains, N. Y., July 13.—Proceedings in Harry K. Thaw's application for a jury trial to determine his mental condition were today adjourned until the September term of the supreme court of Westchester county. This arrangement was entered into before Judge Mills by Thaw's counsel and District Attorney Jerome of New York. In the meantime Thaw will remain in the custody of Sheriff Chanler, of Dutchess county and will stay in the jail at Poughkeepsie.

BETS $1,000 AGAINST $500 ON TAFT VICTORY.

Chicago, July 13.—The first political wager to be recorded in Chicago on the presidential election was made between H. G. Merry, of Baltimore, and N. E. McBride, of the Auditorium Annex.

Mr. Merry wagered $1,000 against $500 that Taft and Sherman would be elected. He declared he would accept similar wagers to the amount of $50,000, declaring "Bryan and Kern will receive the lowest electoral vote of any presidential candidates in years."

BOAT BLOWS UP; 4 DEAD

Two Survivors Picked Up After Being in Water Twelve Hours.

Marion, Mass., July 13.—Four prominent summer residents of this town and Falmouth met death through an explosion on board a forty-five foot launch off here Saturday night. Two survivors were picked up yesterday after having been in the water for twelve hours.

The dead:
Roland Worthington, Boston.
John T. Trull, Woburn.
Joseph S. Beal, Milton.
George Savory, Marblehead, captain of the launch.

The saved:
A. P. Tarbell, Marblehead.
Edw. E. Pecker, Boston.

Neither of the survivors was able to give the cause of the explosion. Mr. Tarbell, who owned the Dolphin, as the launch was called, said that the boat started out from Marion on a short pleasure cruise and was well out in the middle of Buzzard's bay when the explosion occurred. Savory, the engineer, was suddenly blown into the air and was probably dead when he struck the water. The boat caught fire immediately and Tarbell called to his comrades to leap overboard.

He strapped a life preserver about himself, before he leaped, and Mr. Pecker, who is connected with the Boston banking firm of Rollins & Son, seized an oar and followed. So far as they knew, none of the others in the party jumped. Either they could not swim and preferred to cling to the disabled launch until help came, or else they were stunned by the explosion.

DYNAMITE WRECKS HOUSE

Occupants Have Narrow Escapes from Injury.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 8.—The house occupied by Frank Cerutti, an Italian, at Pitton, was wrecked early today by a heavy charge of dynamite. Doors were torn off their hinges and windows were blown out. The occupants of the house who were asleep had narrow escapes from serious injury or death.

Cerutti has received threatening letters, said to be from a "black hand" gang, demanding money. In the event of refusal to comply with the demand the letters stated that Cerutti's house would be blown up.

HEARST FIGHTS BRYAN

Will Attack Democratic Nominee in Newspapers.

New York, July 10.—William Randolph Hearst, who, with J. M. Guffey and the late Marcus Daly put up the larger end of the Bryan campaign fund in two elections, has "flown the coop."

Under orders from Mr. Hearst, cabled from Europe, the Hearst papers will attack Bryan as a man who has failed to deliver the goods to the people, and incidentally will say that the Democratic party is no longer an efficient vehicle for the conveyance of a popular policy.

Following the Hearst break there comes from Atlanta Ga., a statement by Thomas Watson, throwing down the "peerless leader." Watson has been the chief exponent of radicalism in the south for the past twenty years. He led the forces of Populism in many campaigns. He is, in fact, the residuary legatee of the Grange and the Farmers' Alliance.

Coupled with the attack upon his former friend and protege there is direct confirmation of the fact that Mr. Hearst will be nominated for President of the United States by the convention of the Independence party which is soon to assemble in Chicago.

LEEDS LEAVES $20,000,000

Widow and Son and Stepson the Beneficiaries.

Newport, R. I., July 10.—Although the will of the late William B. Leeds, who died abroad has not yet been offered for probate, it is stated on apparently good authority here that he has left a fortune of about twenty million dollars.

The executors of the will are said to be Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, the United States Trust company of New York and Mrs. Leeds, but as Commodore Ledyard is abroad and will not be home until next month, it is thought that the document will not be offered for probate until that time. It is said in Newport that Mrs. Leeds, her son and stepson are the chief beneficiaries.

12 KNOWN DEAD IN FLOOD

The Waters Recede Rapidly at Lincoln, Neb.

Lincoln, Neb., July 8.—Four dead bodies recovered, five others known to be dead and three missing is believed to cover the casualty list as a result of the floods which raged over the lowlands of "Little Russia" in the western part of Lincoln. There is the possibility of other fatalities, but the twelve mentioned are all that are definitely reported.

The water receded rapidly during the day. With the exception of the Union Pacific, traffic was yesterday resumed on all railroad lines entering Lincoln.

25 ARE DEAD FROM HEAT

Cooling Breezes Check Appalling Death Rate in New York.

New York, July 8.—Cooling breezes at sunrise today swept the city and brought welcome relief to sweltering thousands, the temperature at 8 o'clock registering 80 degrees. During the early morning hours one death and ten prostrations were added to the already appalling list of twenty-four deaths and ninety prostrations that the last twenty-four hours recorded.

The weather bureau promised cool southwestern breezes all day and rain for the evening. Roofs, parks, sidewalks, piers and the river fronts teemed all night with a sweltering humanity seeking sleep, but little was found until the cooling breezes sprang up at early dawn. Hospital staffs worked through the long, humid night caring for the stricken victims that filled these institutions to overflowing.

5 DEAD IN BIG STORM

Four Others in Baltimore Are Believed to Have Met Like Fate.

Baltimore, Md., July 13.—Five men are known to have been drowned and three women and a man are believed to have met a like fate last evening, when a very severe wind and rainstorm passed over the harbor of this city.

Eight men in a rowboat were endeavoring to reach Ft. McHenry when one of them, Peter Dietrich, terrified by the storm, while attempting to leap overboard, upset the boat. He, William Delacour, Joseph Lohmiller and Edward Simmons were drowned. The others righted the boat and reached the fort safely.

The overturning of a boat in the Spring Gardens brought death by drowning to John Harrington.

The finding of an overturned rowboat in the Patapsco river in which three women and a man were seen shortly before the storm, leads to the belief that all four were drowned. A woman's hat was found in this boat with another floating nearby. None of the bodies has been recovered.

Reports are coming from various points in Maryand showing damage by lightning and rain during the storm.

Panic In a Car.

Philadelphia, July 13.—During an electrical storm which passed over this city last night lightning struck a trolley car returning from a suburban park filled with passengers, and in the panic which ensued five women were thrown to the roadway and badly injured. The injured are:

Lucy Jeffries, leg fractured.
Mrs. Clara Wrehopsky, internal injuries.
Alice Leonard, leg fractured.
Mrs. Anne Restiger, wrist fractured.
Jennie Abelson, wrist fractured, lacerations of the body.

The lightning blew out the fuses placing the car in total darkness. The passengers made a rush to escape and in the confusion many of the passengers were trampled upon but all escaped injury with the exception of the five women.

Storm In Arizona.

Phoenix, Ariz., July 13.—A terrific wind, rain and hail storm last night swept the town of Tempe, eight miles from here. No loss of life is reported, but there resulted considerable destruction of property. Large hailstones covered the ground while the thermometer registered about 100 degrees.

DENIES HOBSON'S STORY

Loeb Declares President Never Spoke of Jap War.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 10.—Secretary Loeb, after seeing the President, has made a statement regarding the speech of Congressman Hobson in the Democratic national convention at Denver, in which Hobson said:

"I want to say to you that not so very long ago the President of the United States said in my presence, 'There exists the greatest probability of a war with Japan.'"

Secretary Loeb's statement is:

"In reference to the speech of Congressman Hobson, the congressman must, of course, have been misquoted. The President not only never made such a remark, but never made any remark even remotely resembling it. All that the President has ever said is that if there was a sufficient navy there would never be any possibility of this country getting into a foreign war."

Secretary Loeb also said that the Scribner publishing firm had been given all the rights for the serial and book form publication of whatever the President might write of his experiences on his proposed hunting trip in Africa. Questioned as to the price to be paid by the firm for the President's written account of his trip, the secretary said he had nothing to give out on that point.

THIRTEEN DROWNINGS

The Grim Record Made in Ohio and Michigan Waters on Sunday.

Detroit, Mich., July 13.—One man died from heat prostration here yesterday, and three boys, seeking relief from the torrid temperature, were drowned while bathing.

The dead: Fred Paths, aged 51; Felix Borden, aged 14; Chas. Woodward, Jr., and John Chapman.

The maximum temperature recorded was 94 degrees.

Intense heat prevailed throughout the state. Thousand of persons sought relief on the rivers and lakes and a half dozen drownings are reported as a result of the capsizing of boats or sunstrokes.

The dead, outside of Detroit, includes: Paul Richter, 19 years old, at Ann Arbor; Frank Woodeyard, 16, at Holland; Stanley Kulesa, 19, at Saginaw; Mrs. Louise Hartson, at Grand Rapids; Miss Sarah Thompson, 19, of Durand, at Flint, and Wm. Spence, 16, at Alpena.

Three at Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., July 13.—August Hammer, twenty years of age, and Henry Rodku, 22 years old, were drowned in the Ohio canal here yesterday while bathing, in an effort to escape the oppressive heat. Rodku was taken with cramps, Hammer attempted to rescue him. Clasped in each other's arms they drowned together.

Frank Meese, 18 years of age, also was drowned while bathing in the canal yesterday. Two companions had a narrow escape from drowning while attempting to rescue him.

BRIDGE FALLS; 14 DEAD

Spans Under Construction Crash Into Water When Scaffolding Collapses.

Cologne, July 9.—The new bridge under construction over the Rhine at Cologne, fell in today and many of the workmen engaged on the structure lost their lives. Fourteen bodies have been recovered and nine men have been taken from the water seriously injured.

The scaffolding supporting the powerful crane used in the erection of the central span of the bridge collapsed and the crashing down of this section carried with it several other spans. Several workmen were thrown into the river. Some of them are still underneath the scaffolding and there is no hope whatever for their lives. Immediately after the accident boats put out for the scene and began the work of rescue. About a score of struggling men were quickly picked up.

The police and fire brigades of Cologne were notified and hurried to the river to assist in the work of salvage and rescue. They secured more boats and succeeded in saving several workmen who were laboriously swimming in the strong current, fully clothed, toward the shore.

It is impossible to tell at the present time the exact number of victims.

AEROPLANE COMPLETE.

Paris, July 13.—Wilbur Wright, the American aeroplanist, stated yesterday that his aeroplane is now complete except for a few minor details. He expects to make a flight with the new machine at Le Mans on July 25.

NEW TELEPHONE LINE JOINS EAST WITH WEST.

Kansas City, Mo., July 9.—The telephone line of the American Telephone and Telegraph company between Kansas City and Denver was completed yesterday and put into operation.

Heretofore the entire United States has been divided from a telephone standpoint by a region in a line north and south with the west half of Kansas. The service inaugurated yesterday is the first telephone line to bridge the gap.

DR. COOK HEARD FROM

Letter Received from the Arctic Explorer.

New York, July 11.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, the explorer who is trying to reach the north pole by a new route through Nansen strait and whose friends were fearful that he had met disaster in the frozen north, has been heard from. A letter written by the explorer last December was received today by his wife, who is living in Brooklyn, stating that he hoped to start for his goal in January. No word had been received from Dr. Cook since last October and his friends announced recently that an effort would be made to send a ship to find him.

The letter received today was written at Oomanul, Wostenholme Sound, and bears the date of December 6, 1907. Dr. Cook says:

"I have this opportunity to send a letter to Upernivik by Rasmussen during this moon, and I must hasten to report our progress to the present. I have a hundred dogs and as many more as I desire, with 15 of the best men of the tribe assembled here for the attack over the new route across Ellsmereland out by way of Nansen Sound and back by Kennedy channel, thus using to good advantage the drift the musk oxen so abundant in Ellsmereland. All of my equipment is ready and we hope to start for the goal late in January. With men and dogs well fed, and under normal conditions, like my predecessors, I feel confident, as our equipment means perfection. When we return we will push southward at once to Cape York and Upernivik."

Dr. Cook, accompanied by James R. Bradley and a number of Eskimos, left North Sydney, Nova Scotia, early in July, 1907, on the American auxiliary schooner yacht John R. Bradley, which landed the party at Smith Sound. Mr. Bradley returned to North Sydney on the yacht in October. The expedition was provisioned for two years, and was equipped with dogs and sledges for the trip.

The party wintered about thirty miles farther north than Commander Robert E. Peary did two years ago.

NEARLY CARRIED TO SEA

Toledo Aeronaut Has Narrow Escape in the East.

New York, July 13.—High winds, a punctured gas bag and an accident to the steering machinery almost caused a fatal accident to Charles K. Hamilton, the Toledo aeronaut, at Brighton Beach yesterday.

A hundred thousand persons, it is estimated, watched the dirigible balloon rise and maneuver until it was carried nearly a mile off Manhattan Beach. Hamilton's assistants tried to follow it in a rowboat, but the strong winds left them far in the rear, and they were horrified when they saw the airship descending.

It was expected that the aeronaut would be drowned but the light bamboo frame floated on the water and the partly filled gas bag acted as a sail. The wind was swiftly carrying the machine and its operator out to sea when a steam yacht gave chase and salvaged the airship. Hamilton and the airship Brighton were hauled aboard and landed at Sheepshead Bay.

DOZEN HURT IN PANIC

Film of Passion Play Pictures Explodes in the Darkened Room.

Duluth, Minn., July 13.—A stampede was created in the Catholic church at Biwabik last night where moving pictures of the Passion Play were being given when some of the celluloid films blazed up in the darkened room.

About a dozen people were injured in the panic and one woman, Mrs. Joseph Attilck, who jumped out of a window to the ground ten feet below, is so seriously hurt that she may not recover.

BRYAN AND KERN MEET

"How's the Vice President?" Was the Greeting.

Fairview, Lincoln, Neb., July 13.—The heads of the Democratic ticket, W. J. Bryan and J. W. Kern, met at Fairview today, for the first time since their respective nominations for first and second place.

"Ah! how's the vice president?" said Mr. Bryan, as the gray-bearded Indianian stepped from the trolley at "Bryan Station."

What Mr. Kern said was lost in the confusion, but his handshake was vigorous, and his smile exceedingly cheerful.

In quick succession Mr. Bryan greeted State Senator Jackson, chairman of the state central committee of Indiana, Abram Simmons, who was a delegate at large from the Hoosier state, John E. Osborne, a member of the Indiana state central committee, Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation, and James Duncan.

FEAR SERIOUS RACE WAR

Negroes and Whites of Cuban Town Armed.

Havana, July 9.—The town of Alacranes in the province of Matanzas, where a white child, Luisa Valdes, recently was murdered by Brujos, or negro wizards, for the purpose of using her blood for voodoo incantations, now fears a serious race war.

Three negroes were arrested for chanting scurrilous verses in front of the home of the child's parents. They were arraigned in court and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Rival bodies of armed whites and blacks assembled about the court house and a clash was prevented only by the arrival of a company of rural guards. The police are now patrolling the town and guarding the jail, fearing an attempt to rescue the prisoners.

KERN OPENS FIGHT

Began Campaign Ten Minutes After Being Nominated for Vice President.

Denver, July 11.—John W. Kern, nominee for vice president, goes to the firing line immediately. The Mississippi Valley is the fighting ground, and ten minutes after he had been nominated for second place on the ticket with Bryan the "gentleman from Indiana" had started his end of the campaign.

The vice presidential nominee is a campaigner from "way back," according to his sponsors, which went out two by two during the past 24 hours, and effectively lined up the delegates from states which had a crop of 39 favorite sons sprouting. The crop sprang up, ripened and fell before the Indiana sickles, and is now stretched away on the banks of the Wabash, which incidentally promises to become an assistant national anthem between now and November.

In Fight to Win.

"I expect and hope to make the strongest campaign which can be made by anyone," said Mr. Kern, at his headquarters in the Albany hotel, in an interim in the long line of Democrats who pushed through to grasp him by the hand.

"I am in this fight to win. I appreciate to the utmost the honor which has been paid to my state and to me by the unanimous action of the convention. I shall go wherever my services are required or asked, if possible."

"What do you think of the prospects of Democratic success?"

"There is not a state in the Mississippi Valley which is not debatable territory. The west is won. The sort of a campaign which we can make and which we will make means that Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and every other state in the Ohio and Mississippi basins can and will be brought under the Democratic standards. There were never brighter prospects of Democratic success in the history of the party than at this time, when a reunited, patriotic and sincere Democracy start for their homes from this great convention."

Mr. Kern was surrounded by an enthusiastic squadron of Hoosiers, so soon as it became evident that he was to be the nominee, prepared to celebrate accordingly. Parlors were opened up in the Albany hotel, and the moment that Chairman Clayton, minus his voice, announced through the reading clerk that Mr. Kern was the unanimous choice of the Democracy for the vice presidency, flags and streamers marked the stamping ground of the only candidate on the job.

2,000 Shake His Hand.

From the convention hall, the delegates and visitors headed for Mr. Kern's rooms and old-fashioned hand shaking was the first thing in order. Perhaps 2,000 persons passed through the Kern parlors, and were accorded a Wabash bottom handshake by the bewhiskered nominee from Hoosierdom.

Subsequently Mr. Kern went to the Brown Palace hotel and went into conference with a half-dozen of the members of the national committee, where an agreement was reached that Mr. Kern shall accompany the national committee to Lincoln to confer with Mr. Bryan over campaign plans. During the evening he was in his headquarters receiving the congratulations of the enthusiasts, who believe that harmony has actually arrived.

Word From Bryan.

The information that Mr. Kern was the desirable candidate for the vice presidency came from Lincoln in a telegram received by Mayor Jim Dahlman at 9 o'clock yesterday morning at an hour when the vice presidency was completely in the air. Roger Sullivan was present when the telegram arrived that Mr. Kern was the man of the hour. Thirty minutes later enough states had been committed to his cause to insure the nomination.

FIGHTING A FOREST FIRE

Hundreds of Men Battle With Flames on Long Island.

New York, July 9.—Hundreds of men are fighting a forest fire which is burning through the center of Long Island near Eastport. Several small dwellings at isolated points have been consumed. The dryness of the woods prevents the fire fighters from putting out the conflagration.

The fire departments of several villages are at work. There has been little rain in forty days. A heavy rain is about the only hope of relief. Many farmers and residents have resorted to back firing or plowing to prevent their buildings from being destroyed.

JUNKET LOSS IS $30,000

Michigan Legislators Took Expenses Illegally.

Lansing, Mich., July 11.—Although Attorney General Bird's intentions in the matter could not be ascertained, is is not considered probable that an effort will be made to recover from members of the legislature the expenses of junkets taken without authority, but no doubt exists in the mind of Judge Wiest, or any of the attorneys who were engaged in the Bunting trial at Mason this week, that civil action might be brought by the state to recover these sums, which must amount to many thousands of dollars.

It is estimated that the amount in the last few sessions is not less than $30,000.

SEE DEFEAT FOR BRYAN

Wall Street Convinced Nebraskan Has No Show.

New York, July 11.—Wall street accepts William J. Bryan's defeat as a foregone conclusion. His nomination, therefore, is generally regarded with favor among bankers and brokers, irrespective of their usual political affiliations.

So convinced is Wall street that Bryan will be defeated that the platform adopted at Denver aroused little interest or comment. Bankers who were asked to comment on the guaranteed bank deposit clause and railroad regulation section of the platform as a rule declined to be quoted. They said they preferred not to discuss Mr. Bryan or the platform.

It is the general belief in Wall street that there will be several Bryan scares during the campaign and that they will be promoted by the stock gamblers to suit their own purposes; also that the Republican program will be to inaugurate a bull movement late in the campaign.

MORE DEATHS FROM HEAT

On Saturday and Sunday 13 Die in Chicago.

Chicago, July 13.—Three more deaths were reported today as a result of the heat. On Saturday and yesterday a total of 13 fatalities were brought to the attention of the authorities. After comparative coolness yesterday the mercury began to climb upward again today, mounting from 71 degrees at 5 a. m. to 89 at noon.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, July 11.—Bradstreet's says: Midsummer quiet still reigns in general trade and industry, but the advance of the season and the promise of good average crops have accentuated the feeling of confidence as to the ultimate outcome of future fall business. Filling in orders from jobbers are numerous, but small, probably indicating widely broken retail stocks, and retailers have earlier than usual put in force reductions as a means of stimulating consumption.

At the west preparations are making for buyers' excursions and a more thoroughly organized effort to stimulate buying is looked for this fall than ever before. Industry is possibly a trifle more active following last week's holidays, but shut downs for inventory, repairs or to limit production have apparently more than counterbalanced resumptions that have taken place. The iron and steel industries still report things quiet, and capacity in operation both in furnaces and finishing mills shows only a trifling enlargement as compared with a month ago. Pig iron production in June was the smallest since February and the output for six months was 52 per cent below 1907.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended July, number 246, which compares with 236 last week, 185 in the like week in 1907, 143 in 1906, 166 in 1905 and 203 in 1904.

Business failures for the same time in Canada number 39, which compares with 28 last week and 19 in this week last year.

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., July 14.—Although cables were disappointing to bulls, the absence of rain in the northwest and strong support at Chicago prevented heavy losses in wheat. Receipts were heavy, the local market getting 48 cars of new wheat, all grading No. 2 red and Chicago 102 cars, of which 74 cars were contract. Patten and his associates bought heavily at the outset, but as soon as this support was taken off the market eased off. Commission houses also bought. Sentiment appeared mixed. As the morning progressed, Love became an important factor by selling September. Liverpool, after starting 3-5c to ¾c higher, was quoted unchanged to 3-5c lower at 1:30 p. m. On the Toledo market, cash opened ¼c lower at 91¾c; July started ½c lower at 91¼c; September, ¼c down, at 92c; December unchanged at 93⅞c, and May 1c lower at 97¼c. Cash was steady nearly all morning, July and May a trifle higher and the remainder of the options a shade lower during the initial hour.

Predictions of showers proved a shock to bullish spirits. Country acceptances of bids are reported light. Cash closed ⅝c off at 91¾c, July ½c off at 91¼c, September ½c off at 92¼c, December ⅝c lower at 93⅜c, and May ½c off at 97¾c. Liverpool closed unchanged to ½d higher.

Corn was easy on selling by Chicago commission houses. Liverpool was unchanged to a shade higher in the early part of the day. In the local market prices remained steady up until the noon hour. July opened ¾c lower at 76c, September ¼c down at 76c and December and May ½c off at 62c.

Corn closes were: Cash, 76¼c; July, 76c; September, 75½c; December, 61⅞c; May, 61¾c.

In oats, fluctuations were somewhat erratic, some of the options gaining and others losing. July starting unchanged at 53c, advanced ½c in the initial hour. September lost ½c at the outset but regained the loss before 10 a. m. At 46½c, May was ¼c lower.

At the close oats was quoted: Cash, 58c; July, 53½c; September, 48¾c; May, 46¼c.

Rather lively buying caused an advance in clover seed. Up 5c at $7.80, October gained a similar amount soon after the opening. December scored an advance of 7½c in opening at $7.82½, later going down to $7.80. March was 5c higher at $7.82½.

October Clover seed closed 5c higher at $7.80, December unchanged at $7.75, and March unaltered at $7.82½.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close July 14.	Close July 13.
Wheat—					
Cash	....	....	....	91¾	92
July	91¾	91½	90⅜	91⅝	91¾
Sept.	92	92¼	91⅜	91⅝	92⅛
Dec.	93⅞	94	93¼	93⅜	93⅞
May	97¼	....	....	97⅜	98¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	76¼	76⅝
July	76	76½	....	76	76¾
Sept.	76	76¼	....	75½	76¼
Dec.	62	62¼	....	61⅞	62½
May	62	62¾	....	61¾	62½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	59	57½
July	53	....	....	53½	53
Sept	43⅞	44¼	....	43¾	44
May	46½	....	....	46¾	46⅝
Clover Seed—					
Oct	7.80	7.85	....	7.80	7.75
Dec.	7.82½	....	....	7.75	7.75
March	7.87½	....	....	7.82½	7.82½
Rye—					
No. 1 (new)	....	....	....	73	79½
No. 2	....	....	....	72	78½
No. 3	....	....	....	68	74½
Alsike	8.10	....	....	8.15	8.10

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	90¾	91¼	90¼	91	91¼
Sept.	91¼	92	90⅝	91⅜	91⅝
Dec. (new)	92⅝	93½	92⅜	93⅛	93½
Dec. (old)	93⅞	....	92⅞	93½	93½
May	96¾	97⅜	96⅜	97¼	97⅜
Corn—					
July	74½	....	....	73⅞	74⅜
Sept.	74¾	74½	....	74	74½
Dec.	62	62⅜	61⅝	62	62½
May	62¼	....	61⅜	61⅜	62⅜
Oats—					
July (old)	50¾	51⅞	....	51½	50¾
July (new)	51	51½	....	50½	50¼
Sept.	43⅜	43⅞	43	43⅜	43⅝
May	46	46⅝	....	45⅞	46⅜
Dec.	44¼	44⅝	....	44	44⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	1.00¾	1.01¼	99½	1.00¼	1.01½
Sept.	98⅜	....	....	98⅝	99
Corn—					
July	83	....	....	83	83½
Sept.	82⅜	....	....	81½	82⅜

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	89	....	....	....	89¼
Sept.	89½	....	....	....	89⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	16.20	....	....	15.72	16.55
Sept	16.60	....	....	15.82	16.72
Lard—					
July	9.40	....	....	9.36	9.57
Sept	9.60	....	....	9.37	9.65
Oct	9.72	....	....	9.42	9.75
Ribs—					
July	8.75	....	....	8.62	....
Sept	9.10	....	....	8.75	9.15
Oct	9.12	....	....	8.82	9.22

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, July 14.—There was a somewhat weaker feeling in the hog trade today, although with a light run on sale at the opening prices were steady. Late trains brought in a great many hogs, and buyers were inclined to be more particular at the close, and in most cases sales were 5c under the early market. Prices are said to be too high to afford any profit in cutting, and all classes of buyers are disposed to oppose further advances.

Light receipts and a steady tone were main features of the cattle market. Veal calves were active and firm. In sheep and lambs a steady condition existed.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $7.05@7.15; mediums, $7.05@7.10; Yorkers, $7.00@7.10; light Yorkers, 100 to 140 lbs., average, $6.50@6.85; good pigs, $6.10@6.35; stags and roughs, $3.50@6.00; good mixed, $7.00@7.10; bulk of sales, $7.00@7.10.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.50@7.00; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.00@6.50; fair to medium, $4.50@5.25; plain light steers, $4.00@4.50; extra heifers, $5.25@5.50; fair to medium, $3.25@4.25; choice heavy cows, $4.50@5.00; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; milkers and springers, $25.00@50.00; choice butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.75; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.50.

Sheep and lambs—Yearlings, $4.00@5.00; wethers, $4.25@4.50; mixed sheep, $3.50@4.00; culls and common, $2.50@3.25; lambs.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.25@7.50; fair to good, $6.00@7.00; common, $4.00@5.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., July 14.—(Special report to The Blade from Brinkman, Wood & Beck.)—Hogs, 10 loads; 5c lower. Heavies, $7.15@7.20; mediums, $7.20; heavy Yorkers, $7.15@7.20; light Yorkers, $6.70@7.00; pigs, $6.20@6.30. Sheep, $3.50@4.65; yearlings, $3.00@5.50; lambs, $5.00@6.50